

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NUMBER 715 FIFTEENTH YEAR
VOL. XXIV

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1895

The Decay of Spirituality in our Literature

AT ONE TIME or another in the life of every man there comes to his mind a realization of the mystery of the universe, which makes an epoch in his existence. Sometimes it is by contemplation pure and simple that this comes; but oftener it is the presence of death or the passion of love that first rouses out of sleep his consciousness, to excite it to a sense of the existence of space and time and the other scarcely conceivable qualities of the universe. The skies, the seas, the planets, the suns—the myriad suns—of other solar systems flit before his eye, and still his imagination cannot reach a limit, strive as it may. His mind shrinks back—weak, maimed and terror-stricken. He feels that one single second of adequate grasp of the mystery of the universe would burst his brain. He is eager to turn away from such awful contemplation. That way madness lies. It is at this moment that, once and forever, he accepts as the primal tenet of all thought, the fathomlessness of the mystery of existence, and all his subsequent considerations of man's life are more or less permeated with this feeling. With this for a basis, he realizes the helplessness of man in the presence of such forces as he caught a glimpse of, and he feels the pathos of the coming and the going of whole nations of men without explanation. The knowledge of the certain grasp some day of death upon his own frame fills him with a deep sense of the pettiness of the daily worries and ambitions of his life. The unseen, the spiritual, is now felt by him to be the larger part of his existence, and his unity with it is recognized. To absorb this spirituality, to have it every day, is to live with a proper sense of proportion, to keep the mind in harmony with truth. It becomes then the warp and woof of all feeling as well as thought; it intensifies all feeling by the aid of thought, extending through it and illuminating it, so that thought and feeling become one. Without this spirituality, life has no deep seriousness, no needs beyond the needs of earth. Glitter and the blare of trumpets are alone sought, and are unassociated with anything beyond themselves. The stars in Heaven are forgotten, or they tell us nothing; all deep thoughtfulness, religion, God, are unimagined.

It needs but a short examination of our literature to find a justification for saying that the dulness of vision which I describe is at present limiting the horizon of us Americans; in other words, that the spiritual life, both of the nation and the individual, is not what it was before the great War. And first to strike us is the fact that no high poetry, worthy of the name, is being produced by us. Nor, upon looking farther, does there seem to be any fiction whose primary end is the literary expression of the permanent and spiritual truths of human nature. Even the simple gift of reflection, as shown by the essay, is seen to be possessed by very few in the land. It may be admitted that now and then, in the last thirty years, some solitary voice has been raised to speak of other than temporary and temporal matters; but the author of it has not long remained above the level of his time. He has been swamped in the general average of cleverness and materialism.

It is not difficult to convince anyone that it is a long distance from the spirit of the day in which Emerson and Hawthorne and Thoreau wrote. And can one be accused of going far astray in suspecting that the sun does not shine, nor the morning break, as it used to in those days? Then we were accustomed to see these commonplace events not only with the eye, but with the soul.

But the question now comes, What is the reason of this decay of spirituality in our lives, and by consequence in our

literature? The answer is not difficult to find, if we apply ourselves to a study of the causes that underlie the materialism of the times. The first of them that claims our attention is an old one, but one still operating after more than a hundred years—namely, that we have not yet done with the settlement of our enormous country. The old stimulus of acquisition still survives, and dominates our energies in the form of toil for wealth. This is an influence which has run through all our national life, but it had a period of abatement during the Civil War, and it was after this that it returned with an impetus so strong that we are to-day the most materially prosperous people of this globe. Nevertheless, we are not even yet willing to think of other things. To such engrossment as this how idle it would be to suggest so absurd a thought as that in "getting and spending we lay waste our powers!"

Although this devotion to materialism would seem almost a sufficient answer, by itself, to the question we are asking, there is another and even more pervading cause for the poverty of high literature in America. This is nothing less fatal to it than the disappointment which we as Americans feel in the inadequate fulfilment of the promises of democracy. There is no evading this charge; we find the spirit of disappointment everywhere, and particularly in the most civilized part of the land. Instead of the old enthusiasm that democracy used to excite, the pretensions of the people to wisdom are to-day met with sneers or regarded with despondency. Even some of our wisest thinkers have allowed themselves to be sickened with doubt as to the future of our democracy. We seem to have lost the belief that we once had in the magnificent ideals set up by the Declaration of Independence. The consequent collapse of the great-hearted inspirations that they fostered in us, has driven us into an apathy and a cynicism from which we turn for a refuge and a compensation to the pursuit of materialism—a pursuit which, as we have already seen, was natural to us, from the force of circumstances. There really seems to be nothing left to complete our development into selfish aggrandizers, heedless of national pride, scarcely even patriotic. As if to make the outlook for a change hopeless, it is noticeable that our despondency over the results of democracy does not find relief in other faiths. Other systems of civilization offer no cheer to us. Kings and queens are no source of envy to a melancholy such as ours. Our complaint goes deep; it includes human nature itself. And here—where we least expected it—in this very extreme of despair, we can catch a glimmer of its opposite, hope. For this disappointment with humanity is, in its very essence, spiritual, and has its root in that yearning for the ideal which is never quite extinguished in the human heart. But at present we are unconscious of this basis of spirituality for our doubt, and we are still seeking happiness in materialism. We need to be pitied and to be helped, but there is no one to do it but ourselves.

One other cause for our present condition remains to be spoken of—one which, like the last, has also not been at work among us until within the present generation. This is the inroad that science has made into old, established religious doctrines, and which has so greatly influenced men, not only in this country, but all over Europe. Weakness and uncertainty have crept into their religious faith; they are still without anything to take the place of their old convictions, and, being as yet unadjusted to the new truths of science, are careless of their faith, or non-believers. Thus still another incentive is furnished them for coming to the decision that there is no profit in life to be found in the unsubstantial.

In deciding that these three great influences—namely, the love of money, disappointment with democracy, and the iconoclasm of science—are the chief causes of the decay of spirituality among us, we need be at no loss for proofs. The presence of these influences may be detected not only in literature, but in the newspapers, in the streets, at social gatherings. One's own fireside may not be wholly uninfested.

Meanwhile, ought we not to begin to realize that we shall not see, or think, or feel, deeply, until they have been got rid of? If we would but examine each one of them, we would soon learn its exact value. And first of all we should ask ourselves whether we have not reached a point of prosperity where it will be safe to pause and consider whether temporal success is the only success to live for. Or, after all, is it really a mistake to suppose that the life one does not lead is more beautiful and more precious to its possessor than the life one does? Next let us ask, Why this weak fear for democracy, unless it be that the fault is with our own faith rather than with democracy? We used to think that there was no more fascinating ideal than it presented to the lover of his kind. And what could be more inspiring, intellectually and morally, than the last expression of democracy—the expansion of the female as a civilized being? But now we do not even seem to know that we have ample material in our democracy, with its hopes and its aspirations, for contributing to the eternal attempt which literature is always making to give adequate expression to the human heart. Yet it was not so very long ago that a mist came over the eye and a silence on the tongue, at the mention of the name of Lincoln. Ah, no! there is no defect in democracy, and the sooner we accept its permanency, and try to live up to its ideals, the higher will be the life that we lead. We must learn to be serious and self-esteeming, and not be ashamed to feel a confidence in our national existence as the expression of these ideals. As for science, it has been reconciled with religion long ago, but it seems to be a slow process for men to assimilate this fact. But the nearer that we get to the time when we shall have learned that the chief teaching of all science is the harmony and the eternity of all manifestations of the unknown, the sooner shall we be able to return to a belief in a Providence, and consequently to religion. At present, in America, it looks as if it might be a long time before we got rid of the influences I speak of. But all that we have to do is to look into ourselves as men and as Americans, and we will see enough to make our hearts thrill at the richness of our heritage. No longer then will our lives be materialistic, unpatriotic, irreligious, and our literature unilluminated by the light of spirituality.

LIVINGSTON HUNT.

Literature

"Our Western Archipelago"

By Henry M. Field. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE MANY JOURNEYS with which Dr. Field has relieved the labors of the pulpit and the editorial desk, and whose well-told histories compose now an instructive and widely popular library of travel, have till last year been made in various regions of the old Continent. Europe "from the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn," Africa and Asia from the Barbary coast to Japan, have been illustrated in many pleasant volumes, full of the spirit of keen and kindly observation and reflection. Last year the route was fortunately changed to our own continent. The good fortune of this change has been not merely to the author and his readers, in producing what the latter will probably deem the writer's best book of travel. The countries visited may also be esteemed fortunate in being made clearly and attractively known to many whose ideas about them have been obscured by ignorance or warped by long-standing prejudices. None of these drawbacks are likely to withstand the influence of this bright and winning narrative.

The trip which we are invited to follow takes us through

Canada, from Montreal to Vancouver Island; then northwardly to Alaska, and thence back to the states of Washington, Oregon, and Montana, and the Yellowstone National Park. It is a route abounding in subjects of interest. Least, perhaps, among these in attraction is that which the author has chosen for the title of his book. "Our Western Archipelago" is a national possession whose collective name will probably be new to most American readers, and whose value and interest may not seem to them specially great. The cluster of islands, for the most part barren of animal life, which forms a ragged and intricate fringe along the western coast of Alaska, must certainly take a humble rank among the archipelagoes of the globe; and even the descriptive powers of Dr. Field fail to give them in the mass an inviting aspect. But in some of them, and particularly at Sitka and Metlakatla, he finds topics which will be of undeniable interest to all philanthropic minds. The journey through Canada, the history of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the descriptions of the Rocky Mountains and the cities of Vancouver and Victoria, the voyage along the picturesque borders of the Northwest Coast, with their cedar forests and frowning glaciers,—the pathetic stories of the Indian missions,—the stirring life in the busy and aspiring towns of Washington and Oregon,—the startling history of the Montana "Vigilantes," renewing in our days the early experiences of California,—and finally the ever-surprising wonders of the National Park, capitably portrayed,—make a narrative of varied attractions, which, while always informing, is never, under the author's skilful hand, allowed to become tiresome.

Among the subjects of special interest might be particularly mentioned the account of the early fortunes of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was on the invitation of its President, Sir William Van Horne, who had been a friend of the author's world-renowned brother, Cyrus W. Field, that the present trip was made. From him, also, was learned the story of the vicissitudes and trials which, as told by our author, make what might almost be styled a financial romance. We further learn, with pleasure, that the President's early friend, the father of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, had been honored in connection with the Railway by having his name conferred on one of the loftiest Rocky Mountain peaks near which it passes. Mount Field, the "sister mountain" of Mount Stephen (the latter named for the first President of the Railway), with its neighboring station and hostelry of Field, where the author and his niece rested after an exciting mountain trip on the Fourth of July, is commemorated in a pleasant chapter. Not less pleasing is the fraternal reminiscence in the chapter on Victoria, the capital of British Columbia,—recounting a passage in the life of a former Governor of that Province, Sir Anthony Musgrave, who, by his personal influence, secured the union of the Province with the Canadian Dominion, and thus ensured the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This Governor's wife was Dr. Field's niece, the daughter of his late eminent brother, David Dudley Field, a legislator honored on both continents as one of the ablest expounders and codifiers of international law. If Dr. Field had continued his journey southward to California, he would have found there reason to commemorate another of the three famous brothers, to whom one of his former books of travel is affectionately ascribed in a common dedication—Judge Stephen J. Field, who, as Chief Justice of California, and later as a Justice of the American Supreme Court, has done much to enhance the judicial repute of his native country.

No one could be more free than Dr. Field from self-assumption, or more anxious to assert the claims of others to admiration. Future biographers will probably decide that a place of honor not inferior to that held by any of the other distinguished sons of the worthy Stockbridge pastor is to be given to the younger brother, who in speech and in writing, in the pulpit or the popular journal, and in many widely

read books of travel and history, has constantly upheld that doctrine of the fraternity of humankind which his elder brothers have sought to make a law of practical usefulness. The present volume, in its pleas for international friendship, will exert no mean influence in favor of that beneficent doctrine. The influence will be the stronger and more lasting from its peculiar grace of style, which should give it a permanent place among American classics. The charm of lucid narrative and graphic description, enlivened by delicate touches of humor and gleams of serious thought,—the style at once simple, pure, and strong, which delights us in Irving, Prescott, Holmes, and Lowell, and seems to have become of late almost a lost art,—reappears in this admirable book.

The only thing in it which one would wish to alter is the author's unlucky habit of misquotation, which in such a scholarly and usually careful writer is almost phenomenal. Tennyson did not predict a "parliament of nations," and to make him do so turns his inspiring verse into commonplace prose. For the same reason he should not be made to say of any one, "Not his to ask the reason why." Neither should Bryant's magnificent lines on the rolling Oregon be spoiled in their flow by a misplaced division. These are small matters, but they annoy the reader more than they would in an inferior book, where he might overlook them with other like offenses of careless writing,—with which Dr. Field's cannot justly be styled.

"The Religions of India"

By Edward Washburn Hopkins. Ginn & Co.

IN OUR DAYS, when there are no "ends" of the earth, because the ends have all met together, it is more and more understood that Religion is one, while religions are many. It has long been a truism in philology that he who understands but one language, understands none; and so it is felt, more and more, that he who knows but one religion does not know any. To meet the wants of this generation, which has seen a Parliament of Religions, scholars have for some time been busy writing to acquaint men with each other's faiths, and the harvest is already considerable—at least in book and pamphlet. Among these works, the series of handbooks on the History of Religions, edited by Morris Jastrow, Professor of the Semitic Languages in the University of Pennsylvania, promises to take high rank. The initial volume, now under review, a handsome octavo of over 600 pages, is admirably fitted for both the general reader and the student. It presents a picture of the evolution of religion in India from the misty prehistoric times to the present day, when India is being reconstructed by western civilization.

The introductory chapter is especially valuable because it gives some idea of Indian chronology, and shows the methods of interpreting the most ancient documents. In the study of the Indian religions it is above all things necessary to have a right principle of appraisement of the value of the Vedas and later documents. The statements of these early Aryans are not to be judged exactly as we should judge the comparatively cold, definite and practical statements in western books. He who studies religion must first of all clearly understand the differences between the Hindu, Chinese, Semitic and the European mind, while it is equally necessary that he should note the antiquity of religious books, and thus judge them according to their place in the development of the race. Only recently, we have had a very interesting series of Buddhist scriptures in translation, sent forth with very little regard to their sequence or growth. Prof. Hopkins is very careful to show as far as possible the period in which the documents of the Hindu faith grew up. His chapter on the people and land is extremely interesting. It may be called a bird's-eye view of the history of this vast conglomeration of humanity inhabiting the richest of the Asiatic peninsulas. In his five chapters devoted to the Vedas we read the story of the men who, from the first, filled with that wonder at the great forces of nature which is

the beginning of philosophy, believed also in a god behind the phenomenon. "Belief in India was never so philosophical that the believer did not dread the lightning and seek to avert it by praying to the special god that wielded it." The author shows how, out of the mass of many gods, the strong powers were gradually separated, becoming the popular ones in the pantheon, to whom sacrifice as well as tongue-worship was offered. One of the most suggestive chapters is that in which early Hindu divinities are compared with those of other Aryans. As the Hindus passed out from their original geographical centre and conquered all India with the fervor of men believing in a nobler creed than that of the races they subjected, we find a vast alteration in their religion. The old joyous worship became symbolical, and the gods changed; the priests became gods, and the old appellation of spirit, *asura*, became confined to evil spirits. *Brahma*, which in the old Veda had the meaning of prayer only, became holiness, and Brahmanism, with its interminable ritual and its priestcraft, the popular faith. Its ceremonies and its ordeals are luminously set forth. One chapter, a sort of appendix, deals with Jainism, which, of all sects, the author regards as the most colorless, insipid and unoriginal; the chief points being that one should deny God, worship man and nourish vermin.

In his treatment of Buddhism, Prof. Hopkins adds a great deal that is fresh and suggestive. He shows that, instead of being negatively protestant, it is a genuine development in the religion of India. Very interesting is his reference to the analogy of Buddhism with Mohammedanism, showing how largely it was a political growth. The touch of the true scholar is felt in his careful distinction between what is really Buddhistic and what grew out of, or (so to speak) was hitched to, Buddhism after it had ceased to be, in any true sense of the word, a religion of India. Buddhism was not so much expelled from India as it was reduced to the hour and article of death through its own weakness and corruption. To the true Hindu, of course, Buddhism was a heresy which captured the eastern part of India while the western half of the peninsula, the old home of Brahmanism, remained true in name, and largely in fact, to the ancient faith. When, however, in the revival of Hinduism came the conscious act of remodelling and assimilating the indigenous beliefs and religious practices of the whole peninsula, a profound change came over Brahmanism. The author, besides his historical *résumé* of early Hinduism, refers to those close resemblances to the Christian religion which have made the personal pantheism of the older Vishnuism so attractive to Occidental readers. He discusses the dualism of Vishnu and Çiva, who in turn represent the All-god, and consequently each other. His discussion of the *puranas* and the Hindu trinity is of especial interest, since he considers that parallels between the latest Krishna cult and the Biblical narratives are borrowed from Christian sources. He even believes, with some other scholars, that the Çivaite phallic worship was not borrowed from the southerners, but was due to late Greek influence.

Prof. Hopkins's treatment of modern Hindu sects brings us to the present day, but he takes a rather pessimistic view of the possibility of the right kind of religious reform in India, because the broad ideas of the native reformers and re-reformers have no fitting environment. The founder of a *samaj*, or church, "is lucky if he escapes being deified by one party and being looked upon by the other as too dull"—so great is the difficulty of keeping in union and in one congregation great thinkers and people of inferior minds who have been attracted by eloquence but are unable to think. The chapters on the religious traits of the wild tribes, and on India and the West, though very brief, are full of suggestion and stimulus. We cannot close our review of this extremely valuable book without referring to the thoroughly healthful commonsense pervading it. The book is well equipped with a map, an admirable bibliography and a well-made index.

"A Victorian Anthology"

Selected and Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TO SAY THAT this work is a worthy supplement to Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Poets" is the highest possible praise, but the book fully deserves it. In plan and in execution, even to the minutest details, it is a model work. It is a well-printed volume of somewhat more than 750 pages. An introduction of seven pages explains and justifies the plan. The Victorian period is divided into three parts: first, the early years of the reign, a "transition era," noted for "its songs and sentiment"; second, the Victorian epoch proper, beginning with the appointment of Tennyson as Laureate—the "period of Tennyson, Arnold, Browning, Rossetti, and Swinburne"; and third, the closing era, or that of the recent poets, beginning about twenty years ago, characterized by "a distinctly lyrical though minor song-burst, even if the mother country be not, as in its springtime of pleasant minstrelsy, 'a nest of singing-birds.'"

The poets of each era are classified under appropriate heads. Those of the first are arranged thus—"Distinctive poets and dramatists," Landor, to whom fourteen pages are given, beginning the list, followed by George Darley, "Barry Cornwall," Charles J. Wells, Sir Henry Taylor, Macaulay, R. H. Horne, Thomas L. Beddoes, R. S. Hawker, Bulwer-Lytton, and W. E. Aytoun; "Poets of Quality," including Thomas L. Peacock, W. M. Praed, and Charles H. Langhorne; "The Roisterers," likewise a trio, R. H. Barham, William Maginn, and "Father Prout"; "The Meditative Poets," a score of them, Hartley Coleridge, J. H. Newman, John Sterling, Lord Houghton, and Aubrey de Vere being the most notable; "English Song Writers," like T. H. Bayly, T. R. Hervey, and Charles Swain; "Songs and Ballads of Scotland," represented, among others, by Robert Gilfillan, D. M. Moir, William Thom, J. S. Blackie, Charles Mackay, and—a Saul among the prophets—Thomas Carlyle; "Irish Minstrelsy," including the poets of "Young Ireland," a list of seventeen writers, among whom are Samuel Lover, John Banim, J. C. Mangan, Mrs. Norton, T. O. Davis, D. F. MacCarthy, and T. D. McGee; "The Oaten Flute," with ditties therefrom by William Barnes, Edwin Waugh, and Samuel Laycock; "Poets of the New Day," whose themes are "humanity, free thought, political, social, and artistic reform," like Ebenezer Elliott, Tom Hood, Sarah Flower Adams, Mrs. Browning, Alfred Domett (Browning's "Warning"), W. J. Linton, Robert Nicoll, Emily Brontë, "George Eliot," and John Ruskin; "The Rhapsodists," Philip James Bailey, Dora Greenwell, George Macdonald, Gerald Massey, and Alexander Smith; and "Early Hymnody," with examples from James Montgomery ("Satan" of that surname is not admitted to the Anthology), Milman, Keble, Bowring, Bonar, Faber, Frances R. Havergal, and others. This division of the book fills 183 pages, or about one-fourth of the whole, and we give the subdivisions in detail, in order to illustrate the editor's plan of grouping the poets. The space given to each is judiciously allotted. Many are represented by a single selection, many others by only two pieces, while the more noteworthy have from five to ten. Hood has fifteen and Landor nearly fifty; but these are exceptional.

The second division, that of the Victorian period proper, naturally gets the lion's share of space—about two-thirds of the whole. Its subdivisions are as follows:—"The Composite Idyllic School," represented by the Tennysons, Clough, Matthew Arnold, Coventry Patmore, Edwin Arnold, Theodore Watts, Robert Buchanan, and others; "Balladists and Lyrists," like Thackeray, Charles Kingsley, Miss Procter, Allingham, Thornbury, Jean Ingelow, and others; "Various Distinctive Poets," Browning, E. Fitzgerald, Sydney Dobell, George Meredith, Christina Rossetti, and others; "Poets of the Renaissance," like Dante Rossetti, William Morris, Swinburne, Robert Bridges, and Philip Marston; "Dramatists and Playwrights," Tom Taylor, J.

W. Marston, W. G. Wills, W. S. Gilbert, H. C. Merivale, and Augusta Webster; "Elegantia," F. Locker-Lampson, R. B. Brough, C. S. Calverley, J. Ashby-Sterry, W. J. Court-hope, and Sir F. Pollock; and "The Land of Wonder-Wander," represented by Edward Lear, W. B. Rands, and "Lewis Carroll."

The more prominent names in the third division—"the recent poets of Great Britain," who are not classified—are Austin Dobson, F. T. Marzials, Andrew Lang, Eugene Lee-Hamilton, Edmund Gosse, R. L. Stevenson, William Sharp, Douglas Sladen, Mrs. Darmesteter, William Watson, R. Le Gallienne, and Rudyard Kipling. Eighty-one authors are included in this division. Specimens of "Colonial Poets," of India, Australia, and Canada, are appended, in addition to those (like Toru Dutt, Rudyard Kipling, and others) who are represented elsewhere in the book.

Biographical notes, giving the main facts concerning the life and works of every poet quoted in the volume, are added; with indexes of first lines, titles of poems, and names of authors. The selections from the greater poets are noteworthy for their typical character—representing the different periods of their literary career, the various kinds of verse they have written, etc.—no less than for their poetic or artistic merit. We regret that we cannot take space to illustrate this feature of the compilation, which renders it more thoroughly representative of the authors than anthologies generally are. In all respects the book is the best example of this peculiarly difficult kind of work that we remember to have seen.

"The Training of Girls for Work"

By Edith A. Barnett. Macmillan & Co.

TO ANY WOMAN perplexed by the responsibilities attending the education of girls, this book should be a valuable help. It is eminently practical, dealing not only with the problems relating to a training for professions, but with the fitting of women for contact with the world. While Miss Barnett by no means discards the belief that a happy marriage gives a woman her fullest and most useful life, she looks at the question from a modern standpoint, realizing that there are many women in the world to whom such a fate is unfortunately denied. She believes that the training of girls for work increases rather than diminishes their ability to make successful wives and mothers, should that be their destiny. And the knowledge that they have some other resource than matrimony enables them to face the world fearlessly, to judge sanely of men, and to reject the unworthy without the dread of starvation or dependence. The building-up of character chiefly concerns this practical, intelligent writer—the development of the useful, generous, noble traits, and the elimination of those which make for idleness and selfishness. Her suggestions in regard to guidance are exceedingly valuable. The necessity of some regular work for all girls and women is repeatedly emphasized, and the harmfulness of loafing pointed out. The right kind of rest, Miss Barnett thinks, is found in change of employment, rather than in idleness.

She discusses education, but without any belief that one system will suit all needs. She advocates boarding-schools, however, in the belief that "a girl ought to go away from home, at any rate for a time, during her school life" to give her adaptability and teach her to "accommodate herself to the ways of strangers." Many teachers, rather than one, are considered desirable, and anything which tends to broaden the mind and to enable the child to appreciate other points of view than her own. Some knowledge of the world should be given her in her youth, and she should in a measure be thrown upon her own resources, that she may be equal to facing the emergencies that will surely arise. If she is secluded from contact with boys and girls, if she is not obliged to decide questions for herself now and then, it will not be surprising if she is weak and uncertain when she

grows into womanhood. Miss Barnett believes in thorough training in all branches of household work; and in regard to practical work in the world she says:—"Every girl should be taught to do one sort of work so well that the world will readily pay her money for doing it, should she need the money. Even if she never earns the money, she will face this world with a lighter heart and better courage if she knows that she carries her own right to live at her fingers' ends."

"A Daughter of the Tenements"

By Edward W. Townsend. Illustrated by E. W. Kemble. Lovell, Coryell & Co.

MR. TOWNSEND'S first attempt at consecutive narrative is in no sense a novel. It is a very long story, with a great deal of plot and a most confusing chronology. The reader has to jump forward and backward to keep track of the course of time, and no attempt whatever seems to have been made to aid him by a simpler arrangement of incidents. Not only New York's tenements are invaded; we are led to a mansion in North Washington Square, and across the continent to assist at a supper of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, and to witness an attempted stage-robbery in the Sierra Nevada. Gold-mining and miners occupy us for a little while—just long enough to win a fortune for the Daughter of the Tenements, and at the same time obtain the evidence wherewith to unmask the villain. Bret Harte need not look to his laurels: Mr. Townsend will never rob him of them in his own Californian mining-camps. Then we return to New York, and witness the outcome of it all in a hurried, scrambling *finis*, so crowded with incidents that we have to sit still for a moment after closing the book, to recover our breath.

There is much that is good in this faulty, unmethodical book. Swift, graphic sketches of localities, conditions, types, grave themselves upon the reader's memory, and give him a deeper knowledge of "the other half," a truer sympathy with it. In discussing the problem of the poor, we are too apt to apportion to our less fortunate fellow-beings only unrelieved misery. Mr. Townsend knows better: the poor have their joys and pleasures and pride. Dan Lyon, who lives in Mulberry Street, is a shining light—an aristocrat—in the social system of which the owner of a Bowery theatre is the political and social sun; and Domenico, the Italian fruit-vender, has dreams that would in another sphere bring him the name of snob. The lines dividing the classes among us are not impassable: Dan's son finds his way as easily and naturally to the home on Washington Square, as the daughter of that home finds hers to the slums. It is only the Polish Jew who is without hope, without sunshine. Mr. Townsend's description of the contrast between the gay colors and chatter, the flashing eyes and careless laughter of the Italian colony in "The Bend," and the mute, dumb despair of the Jews in Baxter Street, will stick persistently in the memory:—

"Eleanor and Carminella moved slowly along the Bend, for the obstructions were too numerous and the crowds too dense to permit of more than a slow working forward. It was a bright, early spring day, and it seemed to Eleanor as if every man, woman and child must have left the rookeries on either side of the street to enjoy the sun and the gay companionship of the market-place. The gossip of the women, the strange cries of the vendors, the shouts of the children were all animated, light-hearted; the dresses, even the rags of the poorest, were bright-colored, and the marvelous things they sold lent attractiveness to the scene. * * * As they turned down Bayard Street, and then into Baxter, Eleanor shivered as one who steps from sunlight into the silent, solemn shade of a vault. Every condition of life which could affect mind or body was reversed. The people, from the youngest to the oldest, were speechless and grave and hopeless-looking. Men staggered past, their bodies bent almost double under what seemed impossible loads of clothing they were carrying to and from the sweaters' and the workshop-homes; women carrying similar bundles on their heads, or perhaps a bundle of wood from some builder's waste, hurried along, not speaking to those they passed; none of the children seen was much more than a baby in years, and they

were silent, too, and had no games; they were in the street because while the sweaters' work went on there was no room for them in their homes. In the dress of none was any bright color seen, and the only sounds were the occasional cry of a hurt child, the snarling of the low-browed men who solicited trade for the clothing stores, * * * and always, as the grinding ocean surf mutters an accompaniment to all other shore sounds—always, always, always!—was heard the whirring monotone of the sewing-machine. Carminella stopped before the entrance to a low, dark, tunnel-like passageway. * * * They came out into a small, narrow court paved with stone and bricks and so overshadowed by tall buildings it was only a little less dark than the passageway. An Italian had just brought into the court an enormous sack of waste-paper, which his wife and three children were aiding to assort. 'There are a few of my people on this side of the block,' said Carminella. * * * 'These have just come from Italy,' she added, with a quick noting of their clothes, 'and they will be on our side of the block as soon as some one dies there and makes room.' The child spoke to the man in Italian. The man grinned, and made a reply. Carminella stepped toward the open stairway, but Eleanor did not follow at once. She looked affrighted, and as Carminella returned to her, she heard her whisper: 'God in heaven! Can nothing be done for such as these?' * * * Carminella interrupted her by laying a hand softly on her arm. 'Wait,' the child whispered, 'wait till you have seen the others. My people can smile. Did you not see these smile? The others never smile. They cannot.'"

The book is thoroughly readable, though not what we expected. Mr. Townsend started out to write a novel; the result is a series of excellent sketches threaded together on a tangled skein of plot. It may be worth his while to study the art of story-writing, for there is room in our literature for an American companion book to Dickens's "Oliver Twist."

"Margaret Winthrop"

By Alice Morse Earle. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THERE IS AN increasing tendency, a very happy one, we think, to clothe what we may call the dry bones of history with the details which make the men of the past actual and living to us. If it be, as some think, of less importance to have an accurate memory for "dates" and the intricate windings of military campaigns, than to possess an intelligent knowledge of the life which people at different periods lived, of their occupations and their ways of looking at things, then such a book as this is in the right line; and the whole series (under the general title of "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times") will be read with interest. Mrs. Earle has chosen an attractive subject in the wife of Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts, not only from her own high and noble character, but from the important events and associations among which her life was passed. The social or domestic portion of the book has a twofold interest, giving us an insight into the life of the period in both Old and New England, since only sixteen of Margaret Winthrop's fifty-six years were passed in America. It is the narrative of those years, however, that will principally attract American readers, and Bostonians in particular, as the humble beginnings of their city are graphically traced.

It is a little singular, by the way, that the first dweller on its site should have been a Church of England clergyman, William Blaxton or Blackstone, "one of the godly Episcopalians," as Mather calls him, though Mrs. Earle describes him merely as "a kindly Englishman." Governor Winthrop writes in 1630:—"My deare wife, we are heer in a paradise," perhaps the first instance of an enthusiasm whose tradition exists to this day. The most minute details are given of domestic life in the Governor's household, an inventory of six pages enabling us to reproduce every part thereof, even to "3pr old bootes—2 ould hattes," which, with "1 scaleskin," were valued at fifteen shillings; while the numerous letters give us an equally clear idea of the tender and affectionate relations of the family. The record closes with Margaret Winthrop's death in 1647, only a passing allusion telling us (in the style which sometimes grows almost too naively familiar) that "there was a fourth wife, whether we quite like it or not." The merits of the book are scarcely marred by any faults; there are a few slips, like the calling of Sir Harry Vane a "noble," and the quoting of "Wood's Athenæ Oxoniensis"; but even if we could not praise the original portion of the work as highly as we can, we should still be grateful to Mrs. Earle for rendering accessible with so much painstaking and judgment the intimate records of a bygone day.

Mathematics

"THEORETICAL MECHANICS OF SOLIDS," by J. Edward Taylor, is intended as an introduction to the study of this subject. All propositions and proofs beyond the field of a beginner have been avoided. The book is full of numerical examples, a number of which are solved as models at the end of each chapter. The working out of these examples as supplementary to the explanations given in the text or by the teacher will materially assist the student in grasping the principles involved. Such subjects as motion, forces, moments, centres of gravity, work, machines, etc., are very well treated in an elementary way. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—"THE ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION," by W. J. Henderson, also, is designed for the instruction of beginners. It is a short and simple, and yet quite complete, little treatise on the art of navigating a ship, that can easily be read, the fundamental principles being made understandable without a knowledge of the higher mathematics of the subject. The various instruments of navigation are illustrated and their use explained, as are, also, the uses of tables and the nautical almanac. A number of illustrative examples are solved, and others have been inserted to be solved by the reader. The book is evidently not written to be used especially as a text-book, but rather as a book for general readers interested in the subject. (Harper & Bros.)

"ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY," by John Macnie, edited by Emerson E. White, is a geometry for high schools. While the work is superior to such a book as Wentworth's, there are many geometries in the field fully its equals, and some much superior. The only excuses that can be offered for its existence, are that the author has a good knowledge of the subject, some good ideas on the teaching of it, and wanted to make a book. A large number of exercises for original work have been inserted and are, in the main, very well selected and adapted to the learner of average ability. They also bear directly on important principles to a great extent. The work will without doubt stand the test of the classroom and offer the pupil an opportunity for a good preparation in geometry. (American Book Co.)—HALL AND KNIGHT'S "Elementary Algebra," revised and adapted to American schools by F. L. Sevenoak, is a very complete treatise on the elements of algebra as taught in our schools. All topics in this subject required for entrance to any American college or university are adequately treated. The book contains, also, chapters on indeterminate coefficients, series, determinants, continued fraction, theory of equation, etc., not usually found in an elementary algebra. The special aim of the book seems to be to bring out the principles as they are to be applied in scientific work. This edition is an improvement on the English one, which is itself a most excellent book.—"ARITHMETIC FOR SCHOOLS," by Charles Smith, rewritten and revised by C. L. Harrington, is designed for high schools. It contains a large number of good examples, and the explanations are clear and concise. Considerable attention is paid throughout to oral exercises. There seems to be a tendency among writers of recent works on arithmetic to emphasize the oral side of the subject, and to pay less attention to difficult problems and conundrums. This is a very hopeful sign of the times, and perhaps in the future we shall hear less complaint about slow and inaccurate work. This book deserves a high place among text-books on this subject. (Macmillan & Co.)

Metaphysics, Ethics, Etc.

OF A NUMBER OF books in philosophy that just now call for review, the most important is a study of "Friedrich Edward Beneke, the Man and His Philosophy," by Dr. Francis B. Brandt. This study, a pamphlet of nearly 200 pages, is No. 4 of Vol. I of the Columbia College Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology and Education. It throws a good deal of light on the life and philosophy of a man who has had little attention in either England or America. Indeed, Beneke has been far from having his due even among his own countrymen. He was, insists Dr. Brandt, the pioneer in the movement of thought back to Kant, firing the "opening gun" as early as 1831, and his philosophy, although by no means to be characterized as negative and critical, is a powerful weapon against the dialectic of Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. Beneke's standpoint is nearly that of the later empirical psychology, or of our natural or non-metaphysical philosophy, and his significance in Germany has been largely psychological. "His chief following," Dr. Brandt tells us, "has been among the schoolmasters of Germany, and the superior value of

his psychology, in its pedagogical, logical and ethical applications, has made this psychology not only a formidable rival of, but, in high educational circles, preferable to the Herbartian." For Beneke the inner self-consciousness, which Kant denied as possible, is a fundamental doctrine of experience. (Macmillan & Co.)

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THE CAUSE OF THE more modern logic, as presented by Bradley, Sigwart, Lotze and others, has been further strengthened by a small book, "The Essentials of Logic; or, Ten Lectures on Judgment and Inference," by Bernard Bosanquet. Here the writer gives shorter form and more popular expression to the views he has already published *in extenso* in his larger work. The ten lectures were inspired by the University Extension System, and, since they are as valuable as readable, the author's closing remark in his preface is not without point in some quarters. "I hope," he writes, "it will be admitted that this experiment, whether successful or unsuccessful, was worth making, and that, except in the University Extension System, it could not easily have been made." (Macmillan & Co.)—UNDER THE HEADING "Life and the Conditions of Survival: The Physical Basis of Ethics, Sociology and Religion," a collection of over a dozen lectures and discussions held before the Brooklyn Ethical Association has been recently published. The lectures are popular, but have more depth than most so-called "popular philosophy." They are sermons, but of what good orthodox people would style with quiet reproach the "most advanced type." They would get morals out of physics, and are certainly profitable reading. Some of the lectures in the course are on "Cosmic Evolution as Related to Ethics," by Dr. Lewis G. James; "Food as Related to Life and Survival," by Prof. W. O. Atwater; "The Origin of Structural Variations," by Prof. E. D. Cope; "Habit," by the Rev. J. W. Chadwick; and others with subjects equally inviting. (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.)

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"SHORT STUDIES IN ETHICS," by the Rev. J. O. Miller, Principal of Bishop Ridley College, is an "elementary text-book for schools," but it is hard for us to see how such a book can serve any important end anywhere. It contains most simple lessons on duty, obedience, honesty, repentance, conscience and a score or more of other similar topics. "Duty is something which is due, and which, therefore, ought to be paid or performed. It is something owed by everybody, to God, to self, and to others"; "Truthfulness is speaking and acting in a perfectly straightforward way, without any attempt to add to, or take from, the facts"; "Profanity is using the name of God, or of anything sacred, in a disrespectful or light and careless way," and so indefinitely. These definitions are printed conspicuously at the heads of the different lessons, and each is followed by a talk, containing some poetry and some piety, such as might be heard at Sunday-school, or, if not there, at any place where the tendency is to substitute sentimental abstraction for practical advice. Not that we decry for a moment poetry or piety or abstract sentiment, but these do not seem to us to be proper material for a text-book. What value they have comes through presence and personality, and, more than all else, through spontaneity. In a text-book they are dead and are revived at best with difficulty. A man, not a text-book, must be the successful teacher of morals in our schools. Principal Miller is doubtless successful, but his text-book, as we have said, seems useless. Such definitions, too, are—well, they seem to us more than useless. The present is no time for abstract tautologies. Religion no longer insists on the catechism, nor morals on formulae. Our idea of the proper "Short Studies in Ethics" comprises something far more practical. (Toronto: The Bryant Press.)—PROF. KING of Oberlin has prepared with great care and has had printed "An Outline of The Microcosmos of Hermann Lotze." (Oberlin: Pearce & Randolph.)

New Books and New Editions

MILlicent GARRETT FAWCETT'S "Life of Her Majesty Queen Victoria" presents a somewhat flattering portrait, as the phrase goes. We can hardly admit, for instance, that "by her sagacity and persistent devotion to duty [the Queen] has created modern constitutionalism, and more than any other single person has made England and the English monarchy what they now are." Apropos of constitutions, few Americans will agree with Miss Fawcett that "within its own prescribed limitations [a hereditary monarchy] applies the democratic maxim, *la carrière*

ouverte aux talents, much more completely than any nominally democratic form of government." No doubt, Queen Victoria has displayed administrative talent of a high order. One need not look beyond these pages, however, for evidence that Victoria's excellent "record" as a sovereign must be attributed in great measure to the influence of her husband. Less than one-sixth of Miss Fawcett's book is occupied with the last thirty-four years of the Queen's reign, while the chronicle of the previous twenty-four covers more than two-thirds of the volume. The relative scantiness of the materials available for the story of the Queen's later life seems insufficient to account for this disparity. The truth is, that a candid biographer finds less to praise in the Queen's political and personal history since 1861. Miss Fawcett writes in no spirit of adulation, but is naturally proud of her sister-woman's life-work, and one feels that future historians will treat the period in question with less reticence. This is a woman's book in honor of a woman, and it should have a special interest for the sex. (Roberts Bros.)

* * *

MR. L. E. CHITTENDEN'S little volume of "Selections from the Public Speeches and Writings of Abraham Lincoln" comprises much of the best expression of this singularly discerning statesman. One cannot read the book without being profoundly impressed with the conviction that Lincoln was anything but the creature of circumstance which some writers have tried to prove him. The book opens with the address to the people of Sangamon County, written when, at the age of twenty-three, Lincoln was a candidate for election to the Legislature. The style of this production is strikingly like that of his later writings, and in its precision, logical sequence and bold expression, gives ample promise of the speech at Gettysburg. The reader lays down the book with a higher opinion of Lincoln's ability as a writer than he is likely to get from a much more pretentious volume. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—IN "THE JUDICIAL MURDER of Mary E. Surratt," Mr. David Miller De Witt tells the story of the assassination of Lincoln, and of the trial and execution of those charged with the murder. The side taken in the controversy appears in the title chosen by the writer, who weakens his cause very materially by sweeping denunciation of everyone, high or low, connected with the Government at the time of the trial. In picking up a book that broaches a vexed question, one feels instinctively that, whether the author is right or wrong, only one kind of a book is worth while writing—the kind, namely, in which the subject is treated impartially and facts are left to speak for themselves. The strongest case imaginable would be weakened by the vehement abuse that comes so readily from the pen of the present author; and a case like the one under consideration is not thereby strengthened to the point of plausibility. (Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.)

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"SUCCESSWARD," by Edward W. Bok, is a book that will be very helpful to the class of young men for whom it is intended. Mr. Bok himself is an object-lesson in success, and the young men who follow his advice have a better chance of making a success in life than those who sow wild oats and reap the usual harvest. It is always in order to jeer at young men who lead moral lives and neither drink nor smoke, but virtue is its own reward and something more, as the young men who do as Mr. Bok advises will find out in the long run. The book may be a little "preachy," but Mr. Bok knows his audience—and it is a large one. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)—"ODD BITS OF HISTORY," by Henry W. Wolff, is a book that is precisely what it sets out to be; and what that is, the title indicates sufficiently. The eight papers, which have appeared in various English magazines, range in subject from "The Pretender at Bar-le-Duc" to "Something about Beer"—this latter essay, for example, telling in an entertaining manner the traditions concerning the origin of the humble thirst-quencher, and the laws that have regulated its manufacture. In other papers, many curious facts have been gleaned from out-of-the-way fields of history, and have been put together in a way that is interesting, despite the frequent faults in the author's style. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

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MR. W. H. RIDEING'S "In the Land of Lorna Doone, and Other Pleasurable Excursions in England," takes us over well-trodden ground; but the tramp in such genial company is nowise tedious. The other excursions are "In Cornwall with an Umbrella"—the invariable companion of the tourist in all parts of

Great Britain, but eminently indispensable in that southwestern corner of the tight little island; "Coaching out of London," with much curious information concerning the coach-lines and their noble owners and drivers; "A Bit of the Yorkshire Coast," mainly devoted to Whitby, with its jet manufactures, famous for three centuries, and its venerable abbey of even longer renown; and "Amy Robsart, Kenilworth, and Warwick," a region of perennial charm, historical, romantic, and poetical. To those who have been over the ground, the book will be a delightful review of golden hours; to those who have this pleasure yet in store, a piquant appetizer, and, when the anticipation shall become a reality, a most agreeable supplement to the "dull-useful guide-book." The tourist will find it not too bulky for a pocket companion. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—"A HOLIDAY IN SPAIN AND NORWAY," by Caroline Earle White, is a collection of letters of which the author says that they were written "in the hurry of rapid travel when she was obliged at times to leave and return to them, her train of thought being broken, consequently they may appear somewhat discursive." They might have been improved by revision, especially in style, but will compare not unfavorably with the average record of tourist experiences in Europe. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

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THE FAME of the late Sir Samuel White Baker as a modern Nimrod has been so great and of such steady continuance, that his importance as an explorer, student, publicist and civil administrator has not always been appreciated. It is not wonderful that the author of "The Rifle and the Hounds in Ceylon" has been to the general public practically another personality than the discoverer of the Albert Nyanza, the Governor of the Soudan and the brave fighter of the slave-trade. It is only sheer justice to his memory that Messrs. T. Douglas Murray and A. Silva White have written his biography. The earlier chapters are of unusual interest, as showing the education of a typical British boy. While many of us, in his "Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia" and in "The Albert Nyanza," have made ourselves familiar with the facts of his active life, yet it is pleasant to read once more this story of a man of action. Though not gifted with the genius of his successor Gordon, Baker, in his struggle against a succession of setbacks that made his task as discouraging as that of Sisyphus, did a noble work in Central Africa, which, indeed, will be far more appreciated in the twentieth than in the nineteenth century. Those who would refresh their memories anent the revolt of the Mahdi, and the African question, especially as related to Great Britain, will find this work on "Sir Samuel Baker" most useful. The final chapter, "An Appreciation," is not exaggerated, it seems to us. Baker was a typical Englishman, intensely loyal and patriotic, and no history of the development of the British Empire in this century can be complete without mention of his name. (Macmillan & Co.)

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IT IS EVIDENT to critic and student that the enormous mass of our war literature has one great defect: it is too military; it does not give the civilian side with sufficient proportion. After all, the armies and navies and their commanders, the diplomatists and their directors in the presidential chair and in the cabinet, were but the giant mechanics of the War. Back of all of them stood Congress, where really the War had first to be fought:—"The President and all his embattled hosts were but the executives, working out—executing—the mandates of this seemingly silent, invisible, but all-creating and compelling power." Mr. Joseph West Moore's excellent recent book on "The American Congress" but emphasizes the fact that this important side of American history has received scant attention. Students will therefore give a warm welcome to Mr. Albert Galatin Riddle's portly volume of "Recollections of War Times, 1860-1865." He vividly portrays the men and measures in Washington during the War, gives full accounts of the more important items of legislation, and passes lightly over those that are matters of mere routine. His word-pictures and anecdotes of famous men are of unusual interest; and his sketch of Lincoln is decidedly his own, and will take honored place amid hundreds of other verbal photographs of this unique man. Well-arranged and well-indexed, this volume must long be a valuable work of reference for the student, while not a few chapters will prove of interest to the general reader. In the main, the narrative truthfully bears out the statement in the prefatory note that it was in Congress that the War had first to be fought. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The November Magazines

(Concluded from last week)

"The North American Review"

THE ACHIEVEMENTS of college women have become a constant topic of discussion of late, and President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University adds his contribution to the discussion in this number of *The North American*, in a paper on "What Becomes of College Women." He considers that "the record does represent work which is absolutely worth doing," and that "the result is one of absolute satisfaction to the friend of the cause of college education for women." Whether the record "is better, or not so good as men would have permitted the historian to make," he thinks "it is not necessary to say." All students of the subject make allowance for a large minority of college women who marry, and it is just this minority that should be closely taken into consideration when the strange pastime of comparing the work of the sexes is indulged in. The male college graduate who marries does not withdraw from active life, as does the woman: he usually reaches the plenitude of his powers after he has become a home-maker. The college woman, on the other hand, withdraws, except in certain exceptional cases, from the arena when she becomes a home-keeper. And, after all, may not the work done by the minority of college women who marry be the noblest result of the higher education of women? May it not bear fruit a thousandfold richer, in the ennobling of the home, the intelligent sympathy given to the husband, the better training, physical and moral, of the children, and the influence thus exercised over the commonwealth, than all that is done by the college woman who is not married, and about whom some of us gather statistics?—A paper by the late Prof. Boyesen, "The Plague of Jocularity," deals with the American levity of spirit and lack of reverence. He seeks its cause in the climate, because stolid Norwegians, who are "surely far from being humorous in their own country," after a few years among us, begin to make attempts in the same direction. We think that this spirit is rather the result of the terrible rush in which we live. Under the wearing pressure of unceasing activity, the American brain has found in time its own safety-valve, and that is a capacity to see the humorous side of everything, and to counterbalance the almost ferocious earnestness of working-hours with an all-embracing "levity of spirit and lack of reverence" in leisure moments.—Mrs. Mary Anderson de Navarro gives a sketch of her early life in "The Girlhood of an Actress."

Magazine Notes

THE NOVEMBER *Cosmopolitan* contains a remarkably strong story of the Roman ghetto in the middle ages, from the pen of Mr. I. Zangwill.

In an article on the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, in the October *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Coulson Kernahan says:—"That the excellence of technique and of taste, and the ease, grace and restraint which are never absent from Mr. Locker's work, entitle him to rank among the best writers of Occasional Verse, few will deny. As compared with his contemporaries, it will generally be conceded that he shares with Mr. Austin Dobson the highest place. * * * That he elected to don the cap and bells when he might have worn the singing robes of the poet; that he preferred to be a perfect lyrist rather than an indifferent organist, is not to be denied; but that we have any just cause for quarrel with him on that score one fails to see. If he was a 'minor' poet, he was at least a master of the instrument he touched, which cannot be said of all who would be accounted 'major.'"

—The same number contained an article on "Ruskin as a Master of Prose," by Mr. Frederic Harrison, who divides Ruskin's works into two periods—before and after 1860. In the latter period "it is rare to find the *purpurei panni* which abound in the first, or the sentences of 200 words, or the ostentatious piling up of luscious imagery, and tumultuous fugues in oral harmony." In conclusion Mr. Harrison says:—"If, then, John Ruskin be not in actual achievement the greatest master who ever wrote in English prose, it is only because he refused to chasten his passion and his imagination until the prime of life was past."

An article on "Our American Old Masters," by W. H. Downes and F. T. Robinson, in the November *New England Magazine*, is profusely illustrated with portraits of most of them—Copley, Peale, Gilbert Stuart, Washington Allston, Trumbull, and their contemporaries and successors. The same number contains "The Story of Portland," Me., by James P. Baxter.

The leading papers in this month's *Review of Reviews* are on Louis Pasteur; "Recent Progress in Italian Cities," by Albert Shaw; "Episcopacy's Sojourn at Minneapolis," by Horace B. Hudson; and "In the Field of International Sport," by Henry W. Lanier.

In the October *Badminton Magazine* Mr. R. K. Mainwaring gives his "Oxford Reminiscences," dealing with matters of sport at the University a quarter of a century ago.

The October *Overland Monthly* contains a sketch of the late Prof. Charles Warren Stoddard, by Joaquin Miller; and *The Midland Monthly* for the same month one on "Julia C. R. Dorr, and Some of Her Poet Contemporaries," by Mary J. Reid.

Eugene Field

EUGENE FIELD, the poet, journalist and humorist, died suddenly in Chicago on the morning of Nov. 4. He was born at St. Louis, in 1850, was educated at Williams College, Knox College and the State University of Missouri, and after his graduation in 1871 joined the staff of the St. Louis *Journal*. He was successively connected with the St. Joseph *Gazette*, the *Times-Journal* of St. Louis, the *Kansas City Times*, the *Denver Tribune*, and, finally, the *Chicago Daily News* (now the *Record*), with which he remained till his death. His column of "Sharps and Flats" in this paper was quoted far and wide. Mr. Field was a very successful and effective lecturer, and enjoyed the hearty good-will and affection of a large circle of readers, some of whom knew him only, perhaps, through a stray quotation from his always readable column in the *Chicago paper*. He was a practical joker, a collector and lover of old books, rare editions, autographs and other things bookish and literary, and a graceful minor poet.

The list of Eugene Field's works includes "The Denver Tribune Primer," "Culture's Garland," "A Little Book of Western Verse," "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," "With Trumpet and Drum," "Love-Songs of Childhood," "A Second Book of Verse," "The Holy Cross, and Other Tales." His last book, "Echoes from the Sabine Farm," has just been issued. Of this work, containing a collection of translations from the Latin, an *édition de luxe*, with illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett, was printed some four years ago by Mr. Field's friend and admirer, Francis Wilson, the actor, for private circulation. Mr. Field was a member of the Duodecimos, a very bookish club of twelve, of which Mr. Wilson is the President.

A Card from Mr. Kipling

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Will you permit me through the medium of your columns to warn the public against a book called "Out of India," recently published by a New York firm? It is put forward evidently as a new book by Rudyard Kipling. It is made up of a hash of old newspaper articles written nine or ten years ago, to which are added moral reflections by some unknown hand. It appears, of course, without my knowledge or sanction, is a common "fake" and I must disclaim all connection with it.

WAITE, Vt., 3 Nov. 1895.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

The Lounger

IN HIS INTERESTING department in *Harper's Weekly*, Mr. Howells discusses the American accent, and confesses that, if he must choose, he would "prefer the British gobble to the American snuffle," which is a good deal of an admission, considering Mr. Howells's anti-British sentiments. He then goes on to say that "you now and then meet a young person who *dawnces*, and is very earnest about his *bawth*." From so keen an observer as Mr. Howells, this is a most surprising statement. No Englishman says "dawnce," nor "bawth"; the nearest we can get to the British pronunciation of these words in spelling, is "darnce" and "barth." The *w* has no place there at all. There is nothing that people make greater mistakes about than English pronunciation. I am often amused by hearing Anglomaniacs say "farnce"; in the word "fancy" the Englishman never uses the broad *a*, and when the Englishman does not use the broad *a*, he uses the flattest *a* you ever heard in your life—it is almost nasal. I would ask Mr. Howells, in all deference, to notice more particularly the next time he hears an Englishman speak, and beg him to tell me if, after a more careful observation, he still detects a *w* in the two words mentioned.

* * *

APROPOS OF "grasping authors," I heard a story not long ago illustrating the other side of the shield. A well-known publisher told me that he had arranged with a certain popular author for a novel at a certain price. In the meantime the popular author became more popular, and when the manuscript of the novel was delivered, the publishers offered him a higher price for it, in view of this greater popularity. To their surprise he declined to take any more than the sum agreed upon, which he said was generous enough, notwithstanding the fact that he had taken longer to write the story than he had expected, and had made it a longer story, too. The same thing has happened before in the history of this house. It once sent a poet a check for \$300 for a poem, and he promptly returned \$100, saying that even what he kept was really more than the poem was worth—an opinion with which the publishers did not agree, however.

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MR. EDWARD W. TOWNSEND, whose portrait I print herewith, has wisely struck the iron while it was hot, and followed up



his first success. A review of his new book, "A Daughter of the Tenements," will be found on another page of this issue. *The Critic* of March 30 contained a sketch of Mr. Townsend's rather uneventful life; and nothing has since occurred that would make necessary a revision of what was then said.

* * *

I WONDER IF anyone has noticed the similarity, in certain respects only, between Mr. H. G. Wells's "Wonderful Visit" and Mr. Grant Allen's "The British Barbarians." In each of these stories a "being" from another world is the hero: in Mr. Wells's he appears as a bird, fluttering near to earth, and is shot by a

sporting parson. He has wings, which he hardly conceals under an ill-fitting coat, and is unmistakably a visitor from "other worlds than ours." Mr. Grant Allen's hero is an equally strange person, who appears suddenly in a London suburb; but he has no wings, and, as far as appearances go, is like any other man. Both Mr. Wells and Mr. Allen use their heroes as mouthpieces for certain observations on the inconsistencies of civilization, and one incident is used by both: the bird and the man show special attention to a servant-girl—not from any particular taste for servant-girls, but because neither strange being can understand social differences. In the case of Mr. Wells's creature, there is a sort of love-affair with the servant-girl, but in Mr. Allen's story she merely serves to illustrate the "strange visitor's" democratic theories. Aside from these similarities, there are none others. Mr. Wells's story is an allegory, entirely clean in the telling; Mr. Allen's is in the usual unclean vein of that extraordinary writer.

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MR. CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS writes from Torrington, Conn.:—"I read with interest your paragraph stating that a well-known and successful New York author also wrote 'penny dreadfuls' under an assumed name, as it reminded me of a similar case in the musical world.

"There is in New York City a young American composer whose ideals are of the highest. One of his compositions has called forth enthusiastic praise from such musicians as Dr. Dvorák, William Mason, Ethelbert Nevin and Herr Kneisel. But he has experienced the usual difficulty of gifted composers in finding a market for his songs and other compositions. This publisher said, 'Your music is too good,' that, 'We are not publishing anything new just now.' And among his friends were some who had sneered at him because his music was 'too classical,' 'You can't write popular music: it takes genius to do that.' Stung by these remarks, he one day composed a *genre* study of a popular song, got a friend to write broadly comic words for it, and, with a pseudonym attached to it, the song was soon snapped up, on the strength of the music, by an old publishing-house, and be-

came very popular on the variety stage as a *bona-fide* street song. This was followed by a bewildering succession of songs—Irish, Negro, pathetic, serio-comic, sentimental,—and all of them *genre* studies, most carefully composed, and fitted with words by his friend, a playwright of recognized ability. The composer also wrote two-steps, skirt-dances and clogs. And now he has the happiness of receiving kindly recognition (under his pseudonym) from some of the very houses that snubbed him before and would snub him to-day under his own name. In a few months he has disposed of twelve compositions to four of the leading houses in New York and Boston."

* * *

STILL ANOTHER READER of this column, who signs himself "A. B.," writes to me as follows:—

"I have been much interested in the *Lounger's* remarks on the subject of the manufacture of the 'penny-dreadful.' My particular interest is due to a bit of advice which I ventured to give a friend of mine a few months since. A young woman asked me if I could suggest a way in which she could add something to her income—the usual women's occupations being ruled out by the conditions of the case. My suggestion, which was at the time not more than half a serious one, was that she should write stories for the penny-dreadful readers. This young inquirer has an imagination which would make it easy for her to supply the necessary number of exciting adventures, and a degree of literary ability which would provide her readers with food of a better quality than most which they get, while it would be sufficiently under command not to defeat the purpose by giving them too fine a product. My plan was not very favorably received, mainly, I think, from a feeling that it would not be a very dignified occupation. Now, while my suggestion was not, as I said, more than half serious at the time, I have been more and more inclined, as I have thought of it since, to consider it a good one. Of course, one need not write the horrible or the sensational. I should suppose, at least, that stories of mere adventure would find as good a market with publishers and readers of the kind as those of morbid excitement. With this admitted, I think it worth serious consideration whether here is not a field for anonymous work, for those who must do their work anonymously, where there is opportunity enough for usefulness to make it dignified, and pay enough to make it worth doing. Perhaps the *Lounger* may do a kindly service by expressing his mind on this subject, whether *pro* or *con*."

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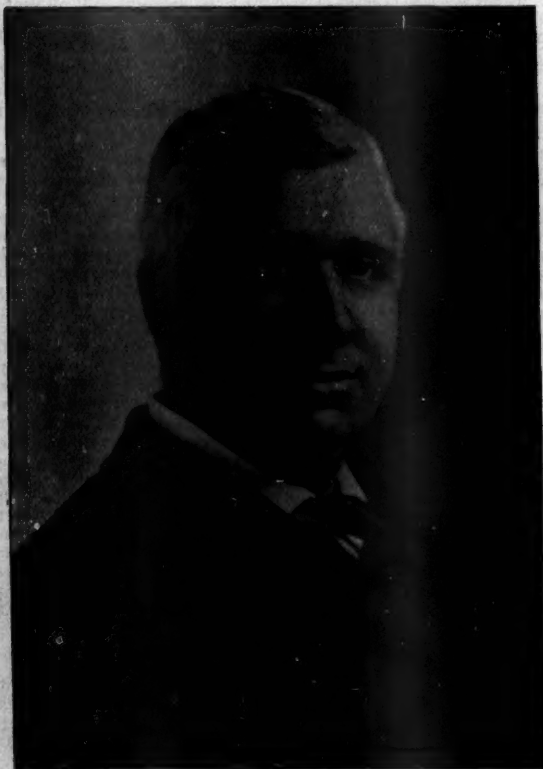
I CAN ONLY SAY in answer to this question that it depends entirely upon what is meant by sensational. If "A. B." means simply stories of adventure, there could be no objection to anyone writing such stories over his own name, or an assumed one. Why the writer should not want to use his own name, if there is nothing seriously wrong with his stories, I cannot imagine. He can put as much literature into a tale of adventure as into an essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful. Certainly, there are few more delightful stories of adventure than "Treasure Island," and few stories with more of a literary flavor; and if the majority of Scott's novels are not tales of adventure, I don't know what they are. I do not, however, encourage a writer to put forth such stories as "Dare-Devil Dan," or such tales as used to emanate from the yellow library of Mr. Beadle.

* * *

COL. RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON went to Chicago to lecture, and remained to be interviewed. *The Post* of that city quotes the gallant Baltimorean as saying:—"We have no great literary lights to-day, either in prose or verse, who can compare with those who have gone. American genius such as made Boston and its precincts the classical city of the country, is wanting to-day. But there are great women, like Sarah Orne Jewett," and "there is also Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose style of Grecian thought and sentiment is unapproachable by any poet on this side of the Atlantic." Col. Johnston said that he had met Mr. Stedman, and been agreeably impressed by him. But just as Miss Jewett does not suffice to make Boston unquestionably the literary hub of the American universe, so Mr. Stedman fails to make New York such a centre. Col. Johnston is "not well enough informed on literary affairs in either New York or Boston to say which is the leading city from a literary point of view"; but in his opinion, "one thing is certain," and this is, that Chicago, with its bustling activities, is destined to be the literary centre of this country." Col. Johnston is more cautious and conservative in settling the claims of New York and Boston than in determining those of the first writers of Great Britain; for he says, without hesitation, that "there are only two poets in England to-day, Swinburne and William Morris."

"Trilby" on the Stage

IN CONNECTION WITH the 200th performance of "Trilby" in this city, recently, and its first performance in London, we reprint here *The Westminster Budget's* opinion of Mr. Tree's production of the play in England, which took place at Manchester on Sept. 6.



From a photograph by Savory.

MR. PAUL M. POTTER

The large Theatre Royal at Manchester was packed on Saturday night to witness the first production in this country of the much-talked-of dramatisation by Mr. Paul Potter of Mr. du Maurier's famous novel. The play went without a hitch, and the reception of it was enthusiastic.

The curiosity which those who have read the novel with sympathy or interest will first want to have satisfied is how far Mr. Potter's play resembles Mr. du Maurier's book. The difference is considerable, and in one respect vital. Trilby in the novel surrenders her lover, Little Billee, to the entreaties of his mother. In the play, on the other hand, the marriage is actually arranged; a Bohemian wedding supper is being held, and the coach is at the door, when Svengali appears on the scene and spirits her away. Again, Svengali's death, in the play, is not, as in the novel, the result of a stab dealt by Gecko to avenge an insult to Trilby, but from the effects of his own hypnotic efforts. This climax is very effectively led up to by a scene which Mr. Tree has introduced into Mr. Potter's play earlier in the story. Before his final conquest of Trilby, Svengali has an interlude of weakness in which he experiences for the first time symptoms of the exhaustion which proves fatal to him in the end. In the height of an outbreak of blasphemy he suddenly realises the end is at hand; and, caught like a rat in a trap, he falls on his knees stricken with fear. Then, in a moment of reaction, thinking that he has a respite, he scoffs at the gods he had invoked. This is the moment selected for our picture of Mr. Tree:—

"The Devil was sick, the Devil a saint would be;
The Devil was well, the devil a saint was he."

This interlude, played by the actor with great skill, is one of the most effective scenes in the play, but has no counterpart in the novel. On the other hand, any spectators who swear by Mr. du Maurier's book will find much in the play to interest them. The

characters drawn by the author in pen and pencil are embodied on the stage with striking success. Svengali's make-up is marvellous, while in Miss Dorothea Baird, who plays the title rôle, Mr. Tree has found a young lady who realises in a quite startling manner the successive pictorial phases of Mr. du Maurier's ideal, and whose simplicity and gracefulness carry out his characterisation, both of the *bonne camarade* of the Quartier Latin, and the majestic prima-donna which she subsequently becomes.

The charm of the book is well preserved in the first two acts of the play, in which the scene is laid in the studio of the "Trois Angliches." In the first act we are introduced successively to the "Three Musketeers of the Brush"—Taffy, the brawny Yorkshireman, the jovial Sandy, alias "The Laird," and wistful Little Billee. To them enters Trilby, the famous model, the *bonne camarade* of all jolly good fellows, and the devoted factotum of the three Englishmen in particular. She enters, preceded by her warcy of "Milk Below," with bare feet, striped petticoat, and military coat—"passes the time of day" with her friends—and seats herself—as shown in our picture—on the model's throne, munching sandwiches and smoking cigarettes. All this part of the act is as gay and cheerful as possible, but (as the author says on his title page):—

"Hélas ! je sais un chant d'amour,
Triste et gai, tour à tour";

and the first act introduces also some darker notes. * * * Among other visitors to the studio has been Svengali, the seedy, needy Polish Jew, who plays divinely, and has the soul of voiceless melody in him. He also is in love, in his way, with Trilby, and in his hypnotic powers sees the means both of obtaining mas-



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS TRILBY

tery over her and of pouring into her voice the melodies unsung within him. She has been giving her friends her famous rendering of "Ben Bolt," excruciatingly out of tune. Svengali flatters her, and takes the opportunity to examine her mouth. He prepares his ground, too, by hypnotizing her out of an attack of neuralgia.

In the second act, the jolly Bohemian life of the Quartier Latin is continued, and a great feast is spread to keep Christmas and celebrate the approaching marriage of Trilby and Little Billee. The dance made a great hit. On this scene enter Little Billee's mother and her brother, the Rev. Thomas Bagot. They are horrified at the idea of his marrying the model, and tackle Taffy, who, however, makes a gallant fight for his friends. Trilby will not renounce her lover, either; but Svengali after very slight resistance succeeds in getting Trilby into a trance; he dictates a letter of renunciation to her, and conveys her away from the studio, in charge of Gecko. He would pour the soul of music into her, and they would become great and famous.

The accomplishment of this extraordinary feat is put before us in the third act. A period of five years has elapsed, and the fame

of La Svengali, the divine singer, has spread all over Europe. She is now to sing at the Cirque des Bashibazoucks, and the scene discloses the foyer of that theatre. Svengali and Trilby appear. They pass away from sight to the stage of the Cirque,



MR. BEEKEBOHM TREE AS SVENGALI

and the words of "Ben Bolt"—sung now to perfection—are heard in the distance. Little Billee and the others enter; they recognize Trilby below. She is taken back to the old studio; she laughs with her old friends, and renews her love vows with Little Billee. But the old spell is once more exerted by the disclosure of a terribly realistic portrait of Svengali (Mr. Tree is, in fact, framed for it as a living picture). She draws aside the curtain in front of the picture, mutters Svengali's name, and falls back on her sofa, dead.

Such is the outline of the story. Its effect on the stage depends primarily, as will have been surmised, on Svengali and Trilby. To Miss Baird's Trilby we have already referred. Of Mr. Tree's creation of Svengali it is impossible to speak too highly. Much of the play, it may be said, is impossible, but Mr. Tree, by the horrible fascination and the intensely effective by-play which he throws into every word and action, goes far to make the impossible acceptable, and even convincing. The remaining parts were most conscientiously and ably played. The accompanying portraits of Mr. Tree and Miss Baird are from the paper quoted.

The Dinner to Mr. Caine

MR. HALL CAINE was the guest of honor at a dinner given to him on Nov. 1, at the Aldine Club. Among those present were the Club's President, Mr. F. H. Scott, and Messrs. Hamilton W. Mabie, who acted as chairman, Edward Eggleston, George W. Cable, James Lane Allen, Frank R. Stockton, F. Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. Henry van Dyke, W. W. Appleton, C. A. Appleton, Ripley Hitchcock, Julian Ralph, Arthur H. Scribner, W. H. McElroy, George H. Putnam, F. H. Dodd, John Brisben Walker and Robert Underwood Johnson. Mr. Caine spoke as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I understand that the Aldine Club consists in large part of publishers. This partly explains to me the distinguished and gratifying position which I hold to-night as your guest. The author is an irresponsible person on whom it is the high duty of the publisher to keep watch and guard. I heard the other day a story of an urchin in a Sunday-school, who was asked who his neighbor was, and he answered, 'The man that lives next door.' He was then asked, 'What was his duty to his neighbor,' and he answered 'To keep my eye on him.' Gentlemen, I lay the sweet unction to my soul that the honor you show

me to-night is intended first of all for the novelist and the man, and not for the ambassador of English authors. I will, nevertheless, presume that among the generous impulses of hospitality which have prompted you as publishers to come here to-night to receive with so much warmth a stranger in a strange land, there is that of keeping your eye on a new neighbor who has lately been keeping his own eye on an old neighbor of yours—your friendly neighbor across the border.

"But, gentlemen, it is my great honor and privilege to recognize among this company some who are not to be classed with the tribe of that good man, Barabbas. My fellow-authors of America are here in good numbers, the men whose names have long been familiar to me, my old friend Cable, whom I have known so long, though I have never set eyes on his face before; my friend Stockton, my friend Eggleston, my friend Nelson Page—all companions and colleagues of mine this many a day, my comrades who have worked at the same bench by my side, whose voices I know from afar, whom I have loved and followed, as they on their part have, as I believe, loved and followed me. Gentlemen, it is the joy and delight of our calling that we who are men-of-letters are literary freemasons always. We all belong to that great corps of nomads, that vast tribe of gypsies, whom the business-like part of the world has agreed to call Bohemians. The attitude of the world towards us which this name implies is one of amused toleration, as of grown-up folks looking with a half-indulgent eye on the occupations of wayward children, whose doings are not to be taken too seriously, and whose faults are to be passed over with a smile. The worthy people who go down to their offices every day at the same hour and return home at the same minute, and jog through life, year in, year out, with the regularity of a mill-horse or an eight-day clock, sometimes see us smoking our pipe, and dreaming around, and mooning around—writing a bit, playing a bit; and they look at us with eyes which seem to say, 'I wonder what the deuce these fellows think they are about?' Some of us are poor little weaklings like myself, hardly fit for anything better; but others of us are great, strapping chaps like our friend Eggleston, who ought to be doing some honest work in the world; but instead of that we are only writing novels and things, or painting bits of pictures, or strumming on fiddles. So the sober work-a-day people agree to leave us to 'gang our ain gait,' while they busy themselves with great enterprises, the mighty businesses, the burning questions on which the weight of the world seems to them to hang. Only, gentlemen, somehow in the long run, Time, in this matter as in most others, has a way of bringing in its own revenges, and the great enterprises sink out of sight, and the mighty businesses get forgotten, and the burning questions burn themselves out; but meantime the race of nomads, the wandering gypsies, the Bohemians, the poets and painters, the novelists and dramatists, live on, as the best of their kind must always live, just as long as the old world itself.

"Gentlemen, it must be a great shock to parliaments and cabinets that even Bohemians sometimes consider that they have a right to a voice in the management of their own affairs. You who are American authors have already asserted that right with great emphasis and effect in the copyright act of 1891; and now we who are English authors are claiming the exercise of the natural law which gives us property in the creations of our own hands and brains. I am told on many sides that I ought to say something to-night on the mission (if I may give it so great a name) which brought me to your continent. But I feel some reluctance to trouble you at this genial board with such dry and difficult matters. Besides that, I am uncertain if the notorious and perhaps natural jealousy of Canada would not resent any attempt on my part to discuss with my American fellow-authors the details or yet the principle of legislation which concerns primarily only the authors and publishers of Canada and those of the mother country.

"Gentlemen, I feel the less tempted to discuss Canadian copyright because I have reason to hope that whatever the objections to the proposals made in 1889, they will be much and most happily modified by fresh legislation in the near future. Canada may have considered that she had a right to do what we held to be an act of injustice, but if she is now in a more generous frame of mind (and she is), I shall certainly not be the first to remember the past to her disadvantage.

"Gentlemen, the newspapers have already made so much explanation of the understanding which we have happily reached with the parties chiefly interested in Canadian copyright, as to say that it includes the right to manufacture in Canada for the Canadian market by a single license issued under author's control.

I know that all manufacturing clauses are objectionable to authors, because they are a limitation of the principle of copyright, only to be granted under peculiar and trying conditions. But, gentlemen, the best authors and best publishers of Canada, and indeed the Canadian government, are in the same condition to-day that you in the United States were in four years ago, with the added disadvantage that by the accident of their geographical position they are side by side with a great and powerful rival, your own country, which has the manufacturing clause already and can afford to outbid them in the market for books. You did not like the manufacturing clause, but you accepted it, because half a loaf was better than no bread, and because it carried with it a distinct recognition of the rights of literary property. In like manner we may not approve of the manufacturing clause in Canadian copyright, but we are not dreamers, and we are not going to run our heads against stone walls. There were people among you who were heard to say that rather than accept copyright with the manufacturing limitation, they would wait a hundred years. And I dare say they would have waited—only it would have been waiting in their graves. And now there are people among ourselves who talk of Imperial rights and threaten Canada with the pains and penalties of the Privy Council. Let them! Such Jingoes never get anything and never keep anything. Gentlemen, the relations between Canada and the United States may sometimes be a little strained, but there seems to an Englishman to be no sufficient reason why two great nations should not live in friendly rivalry on this great continent. I came here, Sir, by the way of Niagara, where the river that divides your country from Canada looks angry and impassable enough. But I dare say you have noticed that in that watery horseshoe angle, where the breach between the two countries is widest and wildest, the sun can never shine on the clouds of vapor which rise out of those troubled waters without making a beautiful rainbow, which bridges land to land. Gentlemen and brother authors, in the most troubled moment of misunderstanding between Canada and the United States it only needs the sunshine of a little good faith and good-fellowship to bridge over the differences between you."

London Letter

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S new novel, "The Amazing Marriage," which is to appear in two volumes during the course of November, will bear the imprint of an unfamiliar publishing-house. Instead of appearing from Messrs. Chapman & Hall's offices, it will be issued by Mr. Archibald Constable of Westminster; and the occasion has not been allowed to slip by without an unnecessary comment. As things of this sort are frequently reprinted in the American papers, while the contradiction which follows is allowed to go disregarded, it seems as well to add a note here. There has been no disagreement of any kind between Mr. Meredith and the firm with which his name has been so long and so honorably connected. Mr. Crawford made an offer for "The Amazing Marriage"—the best offer, which, in view of past experience, a novel of Mr. Meredith's could commercially command. The head of Messrs. Constable's, however, increased the sum offered; Mr. Crawford, who has shareholders to consider, did not see his way to "go one better," and the book accordingly, in the common course of business, fell to the newer firm. Mr. Crawford is justly annoyed that ill-disposed paragraphists should have drawn unwarranted conclusions from an every-day commercial transaction. It is not impossible, by-the-by, that "The Amazing Marriage" may have an unusual success. Those who have followed it through its serial course, with a patience that implies a plenitude of spare time, declare that its appearance in book-form is likely to provide surprises for the tardy reviewer.

The two-volume edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's poems, which is to contain those pieces by which he elects to be remembered, will be ready very shortly. The edition is limited to 350 copies, 100 of which will be printed on hand-made paper. There are to be seven full-page pictures, etched by M. Adolphe Lalauze, and a portrait of the author by Mr. William Strang. About the same time will appear Mr. Dobson's ever-welcome Christmas volume, illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson, and containing "The Story of Rosina, and Other Poems." Some time next year, I believe, there is to be a third series of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes." Rumor states that this may possibly be the last of its kind, but all lovers of literature will hope that its author will find his material inexhaustible.

"There will arise, till Time decay, More Poets yet!" says Mr. Austin Dobson. I hear that the latest singer upon whom Mr.

John Lane, that kindly nurse of bratling bards, has set his confidence, is Mr. C. W. Dalman, the author of a new book called "Song Favours," which is to be published during the next few weeks. Mr. Dalman, who has contributed to *The Yellow Book*, is a librarian in London, whither he moved from his native Sussex during the course of the present year. Carmen Sylva is understood to have expressed her admiration of his verses.

Miss Marie Corelli has published a novel this week which has not been sent out for review. Whether the lady is afraid of censure, or whether the aim of the manœuvre is of subtler import, has not as yet transpired. It is rather interesting to hear, though (as I do from first hand at the libraries), that the book is going like wild-fire, despite the fact that no review has appeared in any considerable paper. Miss Corelli will now have material for another personal contribution to *The Idler*.

Yet another periodical; and this of a menacing aspect. *The Gossip*, which is shortly to see the light of day, is to consist entirely of personalia, tit-bits of intimate information concerning public men and women. It is to appear weekly, and, to judge from the public appetite for this sort of thing, is safe to have a sale. Considering the plethora of interviews nowadays, you would imagine that there was not much left for *The Gossip* to reveal. However, we shall no doubt discover otherwise in the course of the present winter.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new play, "The Rise of Dick Harward,"* was produced by Mr. Willard at the Garrick last Saturday, and fell somewhat flat. No doubt it will brighten up when the cast gets more used to its new surroundings. The piece is a little disposed, however, to confuse two different schools of play-writing; it opens like a comedy of the late H. J. Byron's, and melts away into an atmosphere of Pinero. One ingenious situation, in which a letter, photographed in a full picture, is enlarged by the microscope, and its contents deciphered, has attracted controversy. Mr. Jerome has silenced the questioner by stating that he had the whole trick tested practically, and its possibility proved beyond shadow of doubt.

On Wednesday night Mr. Beerbohm Tree lectured at Wolverhampton, his subject being "Hamlet." As the Haymarket revival of that play was the cause of much discussion, a good deal of interest was taken in the actor's utterance, and the Grand Theatre, in which the lecture was delivered, was crowded. Of course, Mr. Tree approached the question of Hamlet's madness. On the whole, he favored the view that the mental aberration was assumed, noting that the "antic disposition" is only adopted in the presence of those whom the Prince desires to hoodwink. So, in the scene with Ophelia, Mr. Tree maintained that the apparent madness is contrived as a blind to the King and Polonius. In conclusion, Mr. Tree drew a contrast between Hamlet and (strange selection!) Iago, the one man taking arms against a sea of troubles, the other sailing to success upon the waves of circumstance. "Hamlet," he said, "is the most modern of men. He is not only of to-day, but of the day-after-to-morrow. It seems as though Shakespeare had projected the prophetic search-light of his mind into our own time. The sickness which afflicted Hamlet was a kind of intellectual burrowing, which has been the end of many a noble nature, the outcome of a struggling optimism, as it is the sickness which afflicts our latter-day northern pessimism. The actual truth which forces itself upon the idealist is that we are bound by the laws of nature. In striving toward perfection poor humanity knocks its head against the brick wall of those very laws."

The theatres are doing lively business just now. I learn, on the best authority, that the booking for "Romeo and Juliet" is admirable, sustaining the best traditions of the Lyceum. This is a singular example of the fashion in which popular interest will occasionally go counter to the condemnation, or at least disapproval, of the critics. At the Comedy, where Mr. Pinero's "Benefit of the Doubt" is playing, the booking is already "solid" till the middle of December, and a number of seats are already secured for the Christmas holidays. Mr. Robert Buchanan's farce, "The Adventures of Miss Brown," moreover, has been transferred to Terry's Theatre with a fresh access of popularity, and several of the old favorites, such as "Charley's Aunt" and the "Shop-Girl," show not the slightest sign of flagging. The law-courts began business yesterday, people are returning to town again, and the heart of the theatrical manager is light within him.

LONDON, 25 Oct. 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

* This play was produced in this country last season, under the title of "The Way to Win a Woman."—*See THE CRITIC.*

Boston Letter

I HAPPEN TO KNOW of an odd circumstance, which brings up a point of great interest to authors—namely, their exclusive right to their own names. This seems a curious problem, but it exists. There is a certain syndicate formed for the purpose of supplying newspapers with articles of a literary or semi-literary nature. This syndicate recently sent out a notice to the papers of the country, stating that among its attractions for Thanksgiving would be "a story of New England life by the popular writer of short stories, Miss Mary E. Wilkins." One paper had had some previous experience with this syndicate and was, therefore, a little cautious about accepting the story. Its editors had bought from the concern an article by Henry Irving on acting, and a month after its publication Mr. Irving had protested that he had never written such an article, and that the views it contained were not his. Shortly after this, another splendid list of syndicate articles came to the same paper; it included a story by Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. Remembering his former experience, the editor inquired of Mrs. Ward if this story was all right. She replied that she had never written such a story, had never written for the syndicate in question, and that no one was privileged to represent her in that manner. Then came the Mary E. Wilkins episode. A Thanksgiving story by Miss Wilkins would certainly have been acceptable, so inquiry was sent to the Randolph author about this offer. She replied that she had never written a story under the title given, that she had never written any story for the syndicate, that she never had had, nor expected to have, any dealings with it, and that she had never previously known of its existence. Furthermore, I know that she placed the matter in the hands of her attorney, who wrote to the syndicate forbidding any unauthorized use of her name. At this time it was, of course, a matter of doubt whether the syndicate had not obtained some early non-copyrighted story of Miss Wilkins's and changed the title. But it seems such was not the case, for now the syndicate (I am obliged to use the general term, because, so far as I know, no name has ever been signed to its circular) makes the somewhat astonishing reply that its story is a bona-fide tale by Miss Mary E. Wilkins. It is written, the syndicate says, by a well-known author of that name, living in Pennsylvania, who has frequently prepared stories for public print; as for the other Miss Mary E. Wilkins, of Randolph, the people of the syndicate declare that they could not have meant her, for they never even heard of her, never knew of her existence, and therefore certainly never thought of buying stories from her! Which shows that—if we credit it—we live in a pretty big world, when Miss Mary E. Wilkins of Randolph is so utterly unknown to a literary syndicate. I am told that a slightly different case came up some time ago, when Miss Wilkins learned that a Southern writer was signing her stories "Mary Wilkins," and, on writing to her, found that that was the name she had selected for her pen-name.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has been paying a flying visit to Boston to secure "local color" for her new novel. She intends to write a love-story dealing with the gay and happy side of life in Boston before the Revolution. In the latter respect the book will differ greatly from the general run of novels of early New England life, as the austere element will be entirely omitted. But for all that, the peculiarities and characteristics of our people in those days will be pictured. So far, Mrs. Barr has only selected her epoch and gathered material for the frame-work of her story. That is her first step; next she will formulate her plot and design her characters.

Prof. Norton, who is always courageous in his convictions, as was recently shown by his statement regarding the A. P. A., as well as by his condemnation of the new art museum at Harvard, talked to the working-men in Cambridge a day or two ago, and then made some striking statements regarding what he called "the mannerless civilization of to-day." His subject was "How to Make Cambridge Pleasanter"; but his words applied to all this world. Practically he maintained that the majority of people are so selfish that they become almost barbarians, in some of their public relations with one another. The habit of crowding into electric cars, and of allowing women to stand in those cars, he characterized as one of the symptoms of barbarism. And as another illustration, he spoke of a recent reception at Sanders Theatre, given to the incoming students of Harvard College, at which the Governor of the Commonwealth and the President of the University were crowded and pushed about with other gentlemen in the barbaric rush which the ill-mannered Freshmen of the College made for the refreshment table. (What would Prof. Norton say to the manners of a football rush?) He urged

more frequent use of the expressions "Thank you" and "Good morning," and emphatically declared that the man who looks only to himself and neglects social claims is barbaric. He criticised "Looking Backward" in a concise way. It had two fundamental ideas, he said—one, dealing as it did with only the practical comforts of life, was low in its standard; the other could never be carried out without suppressing an essential quality of man. Any reform or improvement of society, he said, must be based on human nature.

BOSTON, 5 Nov. 1895.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Drama

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry

THE PERFORMANCE OF "Macbeth," with which Henry Irving began his present engagement in Abbey's Theatre, was in many respects the best, and in one respect very nearly the worst, that has been seen in this city within the memory of the present generation. It may be doubted, indeed, whether this tragedy ever before was produced with such pictorial treatment, such appreciation of the spirit of poetry and of fateful portent that pervades it, even in the best days of Macready, Phelps, or Charles Kean. Mr. Irving, before now, has given in his "Faust" an example of his skill in dealing with the preternatural, but in that brilliant spectacle there was no picture at once so impressive and so imaginative as those in which the weird sisters of "Macbeth" played their part. For once the hags were invested with attributes of awe and solemnity. The elemental strife, in the midst of which they appeared, really suggested nature in one of her wildest moods, and their superiority to the laws of gravity was indicated with startling and realistic ingenuity. In both their scenes, on the heath and in the cavern, landscape and sky were remarkable for striking contrasts of color and the impression of space which they conveyed, and the thunder and lightning effects were extraordinarily good. As in all the London Lyceum productions, the exteriors and interiors were painted with admirable solidity and that subdued richness of tone which is so great a relief from the glare and glitter which fulfil the ordinary managerial conception of splendor, while the costumes, copied from designs of the eleventh century, were in delightful harmony with their surroundings. The groupings, as usual, were skilfully arranged, and the large bodies of men employed were full of life and motion. In everything there was apparent evidence of that active and intelligent coöperation and sympathy which mark the distinction between mere spectacle and acted drama.

Several of the pictures will survive long in the memory of all who witnessed them. Among them may be noted that of Duncan and his court listening to the recital of the bleeding Sergeant; the reception of the King at Macbeth's castle, with the effects of torchlight upon flashing steel and waving tartans; the scene in the banquet-hall, with the long lines of bewildered guests and the conscience-stricken regicide glaring in abject terror at Banquo's chair, the presence of the ghost being indicated only by a gleam of light upon the empty seat—undoubtedly the best solution of a difficult stage problem; and the animated movements of the soldiery culminating in the death of the usurper before Dunsinane castle. A more fascinating or more worthy interpretation of a great poetic tragedy, in a scenic sense, it would be unreasonable to ask for, and Mr. Irving is entitled to the gratitude of all lovers of the theatre for giving such an object-lesson in theatrical art. But, unfortunately, the full enjoyment of it was marred by his own indulgence in deplorable vocal mannerisms and eccentricities, which made a great part of his performance wholly unintelligible.

This is no figure of speech, but a plain statement of unimpeachable fact. His view of the character, widely as it differs from that of all his most illustrious predecessors on the stage, and of most competent critics, need not now be disputed. The most obvious objection to it is that a man so inherently base, treacherous and cowardly never could have been a valiant warrior or have nerved himself to the execution of a plot requiring a certain amount of courage and promptitude in action. But let that pass. It may be admitted that his portrayal of a weak and guilty wretch, tortured by remorse, superstition and fear until he had reached a point of almost rabid desperation, was extremely elaborate and at times wonderfully vivid, especially in its infinite variety and eloquence of facial expression. But when he strove to signify these emotions in speech, he so mouthed and mumbled over his lines, that their sense was entirely lost. He could not be understood even by persons as familiar with the text as he is himself. Many of the finest passages of the play were given in dumb show so far

as he was concerned, and more than once, at great crises in the action, ripples of half-suppressed laughter ran around the house. Farther comment is unnecessary.

Miss Terry's Lady Macbeth was a weak but conscientious effort. The actress was handicapped by physical limitations. She did not fail absolutely, was never ridiculous, and on the whole acquitted herself better than might have been expected of her. Her personal charm never deserted her and atoned for many dramatic shortcomings. The work of the other players was uniformly intelligent and capable. So great, indeed, were the merits of the general representation, that the defects of the principal performers scarcely affected its success.

To succeed "Macbeth," Mr. Irving selected the "King Arthur" of Comyns Carr, which created a most favorable impression in London, last season. There can be no reasonable doubt that it will prove equally successful in this city. In every respect it is worthy to be ranked among the best of the Lyceum representations. The play itself is a scholarly, tasteful and imaginative bit of work. It would be unjust to seek in it the genius, the music, the wealth of imagery, the classic finish, or the fine flavor of antique romance, which place the "Idylls" of Tennyson among the literary masterpieces of the world, or to judge it by any such exalted standard, but the fact remains that it has literary merit of a positive and uncommon kind. The style is always simple, clear and direct, with many graceful, fanciful and forceful lines, frequent metaphors and similes of indisputably poetic quality, and not a few passages of genuine eloquence and power. Evidences of the author's close study of Tennyson are not wanting, but nowhere has he given cause for the slightest suspicion of plagiarism. He has gone to original sources for his material, and has chosen his own line in the treatment of it; perhaps he might have added to the human interest of his story, if he had been a little less scrupulously independent. He has preferred in his dramatic scheme to trace the whole of Arthur's career in rapid outline, rather than to dwell upon particular episodes, and this course has resulted in some loss of intelligibility and a certain vagueness of motive and character.

His starting-point, in a prologue, is at the magic mere, whither Arthur, guided by Merlin, comes to receive the sword Excalibur. The scene then shifts to the great hall at Camelot, where the knights are assembling to start on the quest for the Holy Grail. Guinevere is already in love with Lancelot, but has discovered no sign of an answering passion on his side. The proof of this is innocently offered to her by Elaine, who tells of her own desertion. Thereupon Guinevere, under pretence of pleading Elaine's cause, forces confession from Lancelot's own lips, exchanges vows with him in a charming scene, and begs him to leave the court for her sake and his own. He consents, but Arthur, in his perfect trustfulness, interposes his veto, and compels the Queen, whose guilty secret is known to the traitor Modred, to bid her lover stay. In the second act Lancelot and Guinevere are surprised at a love tryst by Modred and his mother, Morgan le Fay; and in the third this pair, who already are conspiring against the throne, bring matters to a crisis by informing the King. Thenceforward the action moves rapidly. After a remarkably powerful scene with Lancelot and Guinevere, Arthur departs at the head of his knights to repel the rebel invasion and is reported slain. Meanwhile Modred seizes the crown, and condemns Guinevere, who has spurned his advances, to the stake, unless she can produce a champion. Arthur, of course, returns to succor her in her extremity, but falls beneath Modred's sword, only living long enough to hear that he has been avenged by Lancelot, who kills Modred and is himself killed in the encounter.

The Arthur of Mr. Irving is an impersonation of great nobility, consistency and intellectual beauty, almost wholly free from the extravagances and eccentricities which so marred his Macbeth. His delivery of Mr. Carr's verse was admirable—clear, musical and impressive. In spite of physical disqualifications, he presented a figure both heroic and kingly, moving in an atmosphere of chivalry and romance. He made the scene at the magic mere extraordinarily impressive. Here himself right regally among his knights at Camelot, exhibited exquisite courtesy and devotion towards the Queen, and a most manly and tender affection for Lancelot. In the great crisis, where he was confronted by the proofs of his dishonor, he played with really masterful restraint, faithfully portraying the extremity of mental anguish while maintaining superb personal dignity. His acting at this juncture was really great in its simplicity and strength. In the death-scene he was scarcely less effective, and when the curtain fell he was summoned to the footlights again and again by outbreaks of the heart-

iest applause. Ellen Terry acted Guinevere delightfully. Her love-scenes were full of warmth and her own peculiar grace, her penitence was admirably pathetic and womanly, and her defiance of Modred rang with truly royal disdain. The Lancelot of Mr. Benjamin Webster was an intelligent and earnest but uninspired performance. Mr. Cooper's Modred was effective, but harsh and mechanical. Elaine had a charming representative in Julia Arthur, and Merlin's lines were declaimed in a fine sonorous bass by Mr. Valentine. All the minor characters were in thoroughly competent hands.

The stage pictures, designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, were of extraordinary beauty. The magic mere, a shining pool in a dark hollow of the hill, with a stormy sky for background, was a marvel of stage illusion, and the great hall at Camelot was equally admirable in design and color. Nothing has been seen on this stage to compare with the woodland scene of the second act, while the final vision of the passing of Arthur was impressive in the highest degree. The whole representation, indeed, was an object-lesson in theatrical art.

"The Year One"

PERHAPS it would be unfair to hold Mr. Charles Barnard responsible for all, or even a large part, of the absurdities of this piece, which he wrote for Neil Burgess, and which was produced, after a fashion, in the Star Theatre on Nov. 2. No doubt the vileness of the performance made the subject-matter appear even more preposterous than it really was; but no amount of good acting could have availed to impart even a semblance of plausibility to a plot which includes the assumption by a comic and elderly vestal virgin of the robes and authority of a Roman emperor. Such an idea might have been put to some practical purpose in a professed farce, but in "The Year One" the interest, presumably, is intended to be more or less serious. The complete disaster that befell the first representation of the play might have been avoided, if the realistic chariot-race, with which it terminates, had proved successful. Unfortunately half the horses concerned would not stir; not so the audience, which, wearied with long waits, departed in dudgeon. A thorough revision of the piece will doubtless be attempted, as the scenery is far too costly to be laid aside unused.

The Fine Arts

Early American Paintings at the Metropolitan Museum

THE REOPENING of the Metropolitan Museum has been marked by the placing on exhibition of a noteworthy loan-collection of early American portraits and other paintings, which have been brought together from all parts of the country. The occasion is an excellent one on which to form the acquaintance of such painters as Gilbert Stuart, Copley, Sully and Washington Allston, men admittedly not without merit, but as to whom the estimates of those who are supposed to know vary considerably. There are here about 150 works, of which a large proportion are by the four artists named. By Stuart, who is particularly well represented, are portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Monroe and Gen. Gates; by Sully, the portrait of Commodore Decatur and his "Musidora"; by Washington Allston, his "Deliverance of St. Peter." There are about a dozen examples of Copley. Of the lesser men, interesting for historical rather than artistic reasons, Trumbull, Pine, Inman, Leutze and several others are well represented. The school, as a whole, rarely rises above a certain workmanlike and conscientious manner, but in the cases named this result is so good that it is possible to rate the portraitists not far below Reynolds and Gainsborough, and to speak of Allston as a lesser light of the Romantic movement. Altogether, it was a remarkable debut for American art, and we have not, as yet, got far beyond it, except in variety of aim.

The Cullum Collection of casts of famous works of Roman and Greek sculpture was opened on Nov. 5. It occupies two galleries on the north side of the building, and includes casts of pediments, friezes and metopes of the Parthenon, famous pieces of statuary, archaic Greek sculptures, etc. The collection is the gift of the late Major-Gen. George W. Cullum.

Art Notes

A SERIES of etchings of wild animals by Evert van Muyden will be printed in the Christmas *Scribner's*, with an article by the well-known hunter of lions and tigers, Capt. Melliss of the Ninth Regiment Bombay Infantry.

—Mr. Bartlett, the sculptor, and Mr. Stewart, the painter, have been added to the number of American artists wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

—The studies, over 300 in number, which Mr. Du Maurier made to illustrate "Trilby," have been purchased by the London Fine Art Society.

—The dinner of the Architectural League, on Nov. 5, was in the nature of a memorial to the late Richard Morris Hunt, for ten years one of its members.

Current Comment

M. BOURGET AND AMERICA.—Of books about America one sometimes wishes there were an end. We know the political and social elements of that country so well that every fresh volume of the globe-trotter's impressions is a terribly stale repetition. Americans are rather apt to resent this eternal scribbling about themselves and the land they live in. I do not wonder. It would not be a bad idea for Congress to declare that any foreign visitor, caught in the act of taking notes, should be at once conducted to the steamer, and deported to Europe. * * * Paul Bourget, however, is so exceptional an observer that he cannot be classed with the globe-trotters. Every page of his book attests his honest desire to understand a people whose ways were so strange to him. Moreover, he brings an intelligence, trained in analysis, to the problems of American society. His mission was perfectly well known. He was not a "chief takin' notes" furtively: his host and hostess, and especially his host's daughters, knew what he was at, and sometimes made sportive attempts to take him in. The American girl cut capers for his benefit; but when a gentle maiden gravely assured him that she wanted above all things to be a widow, and hoped her husband would be struck by lightning at the church door, he saw through the agreeable jest. The study of American women, as might be expected, is the most interesting part of the book.—*L. F. Austin, in The Album.*

HAIL AND FAREWELL!—Modjeska has been upon our stage for nearly twenty years, and it will be remembered of her that during the whole of that time she has labored to set before the community the noblest subjects in dramatic literature, and the loveliest and most imperial creations of the comic and of the tragic Muse. To mention her name, as the years drift away, will be to recall a presence of stately dignity, of tender poetic beauty, of exquisite refinement, and of perfect grace. The influence that she has diffused upon her contemporaries has made them nobler and better. Her ministration as an actress has taught again,—and taught with superb skill,—the old and precious lesson that poetry is not a dream, but that genius can make it a living thing,—an inspiration for our daily conduct, and a benediction upon our lives. In the dramatic art, as in every other art, the best developments of genius have invariably been associated with absolute integrity of character, and goodness of heart. "Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues." Modjeska will bear into her retirement a boundless treasure of public respect and affection; and, for many a day, when the old playgoer muses upon the past, among the sweetest of his recollections will be those that linger round her name.—*William Winter, in The Tribune.*

"ALABAMA" IN ENGLAND.—The play proclaims its localism in its very title; it is as clearly a picture of local manners as "L'Arlésienne" or "Cavalleria Rusticana." Now these local manners have for me, I confess, a quite peculiar interest and charm; so that what may detract from the enjoyment of some people notably enhances mine. These English-speaking foreigners, so unlike us in manners and habits of thought, and yet so instantly and intimately comprehensible, are an unending delight to me. I will even go further, and say that in some obscure, irrational way they minister to my vanity. I am proud of America; of its history and its literature; of its diversities of climate, nature, character, manners, speech. They are a precious part of my birthright. Like Whitman, "I loaf and invite my soul" through all these strange and foreign regions, where yet my language and my race-traditions make me so curiously at home. "A new language," says some one, "is a new sense"; but this English language of ours enables us to multiply our senses—that is, to envisage the world in new ways—without the labour of acquiring new word-stores or constructive forms. Every province of the Anglo-Saxon world (not in America alone) is now finding expression, and often fine and original expression, in literature. This

decentralization of fiction, this return to the soil, has been one of the chief literary movements of the past twenty years, and has produced more than one masterpiece. * * * With me, at any rate, it is a delight, not an effort, to live in imagination under the infinite variety of conditions to which the language of Chaucer and Kipling gives me free and familiar access. The American war, too, out of which the action of "Alabama" springs, seems to me the one war of recent history in which it is possible to take a human, as opposed to a merely spectacular, interest. It possessed genuine elements of heroism. It was a war of freemen, not of automata; of ideals, not of personal ambitions or rancor-hatreds. For all these reasons, then—as a picture of Greater-British life and character, and an extension to the stage of a large and vital literary movement—"Alabama" came straight home to my sympathies. The foreignness of scene, customs and dialect which annoyed some critics added appreciably to my enjoyment of Mr. Thomas's humour, sentiment, and scenic skill. In such a matter of personal idiosyncrasy, it would be ridiculous to assert the "rightness" or "wrongness" of either way of feeling. But my way of feeling—which seemed to be shared by the great majority of the audience—has at least the advantage of widening the range of my pleasures.—*William Archer, in The Speaker.*

A HUMORIST ON HUMOR.—The humorous story is American, the comic story is English, the witty story is French. The humorous story depends for its effect upon the manner of the telling; the comic story and the witty story upon the matter. The humorous story may be spun out to great length, and may wander around as much as it pleases, and arrive nowhere in particular; but the comic and witty stories must be brief and end with a point. The humorous story bubbles gently along, the others burst. The humorous story is strictly a work of art—high and delicate art,—and only an artist can tell it; but no art is necessary in telling the comic and the witty story; anybody can do it. The art of telling a humorous story—understand, I mean by word of mouth, not print—was created in America, and has remained at home.—*Mark Twain, in The Youth's Companion.*

ARE WE SO THIN-SKINNED?—The fact is that our American literary friends have a sort of sneaking, unconscious feeling that the English language belongs to them; that we have really no particular business to write novels at all. Our critics are not always arguing about the relative merits of American and French and Russian novels. They take books impartially. They enjoy many American novels, and do not require them to be written in London English; they enjoy or pretend to enjoy Russian and Spanish and Italian books in translations, and many of them know quite a fair amount of French. And when they are suddenly rated in a professional manner by an otherwise amiable and intelligent person for not always comparing their own novelists unfavourably with the latest realist from Russia, or Spain, or the Fiji Islands, they merely rub their eyes, and wonder what the dear good man is exciting himself about.—*London Exchange.*

A STUDY IN SUPERLATIVES.—To an intellect the most lucid, aspiring and potential that the theatre has shown in this age,—or in any age,—[Mr. Irving] joins a character the most admirably poised and self-contained, an imagination of prodigious celerity, ardor and scope, tremulous sensibility, pure taste, and exquisite refinement. With him is associated Ellen Terry, the one actress of the present time best qualified to match his peculiar achievements and to enhance their splendor—a woman of rare beauty, and of that mysterious charm which springs from exalted spirituality of condition and expression—that elusive genius which, while it entrances the feelings, is a baffling bewilderment to the mind. A combination so extraordinary and authoritative, reinforced with an elaborate professional equipment, and wielding with competent, experienced skill the varied and splendid forces of dramatic art, was, from the outset, predestinate to victory. Permanent success happens because it must happen, and it is never dependent on chance. In the case of these great actors the sovereignty established long ago remains unbroken, and the eager emotion and long-continued plaudits that welcomed them last night only ratified a loyal regard that was gained by fascination and that lives by nature.—*Mr. Winter, in The Tribune.*

FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.—Frankly, we do not think it necessary to import minor poetry from America: not out of any desire to depreciate unduly the foreign article, but simply be-

cause the native supply is so entirely sufficient to meet all reasonable demands. Moreover, to our private taste, there is always something a little exotic, almost artificial, in songs which, under an English aspect and dress, are yet so manifestly the product of other skies. They affect us like translations; the very fauna and flora are alien, remote; the dog's-tooth violet is but an ill substitute for the rathe primrose, nor can we ever believe that the wood robin sings as sweetly in April as the English thrush.—*The Athenaeum*.

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THE QUEEN'S FAVORITES.—When Mrs. Oliphant dined at Windsor Castle, Her Majesty with graceful tact turned the course of conversation to literature generally, and female authors in particular. "My favorite novelists," she said, "are Marie Corelli and Edna Lyall." The loyal who, after reading "Doreen," differ with fear and trembling from the royal predilection, may find comfort in remembering that it was expressed before the book was written. It is a long book, yet—herein is the element of surprise—by no means so long as the enterprising reader, who duly arrives at the four-hundred-and-ninety-sixth and last page, imagines it to be. It is decorous—obtrusively decorous—and even Mr. Podsnap might commend it to the Young Person without fear of calling a blush to her ingenuous cheek. There is an added advantage in the fact that to those with whom the reading of the daily newspaper is a habit the style will seem familiar. * * * Yet with all this to recommend it, "Doreen," even with the backing of royal authority, would hardly induce us to declare that Edna Lyall is our favorite novelist.—*The National Observer*.

Educational Notes

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has informed the Trustees of the University of Chicago that on Jan. 1856 he will add to its endowment \$1,000,000 in cash or interest-bearing securities, and that he will add to this a further sum of \$2,000,000 in amounts equal to the contributions of others received by the University before 1 Jan. 1900. Mr. Rockefeller's gifts to the University now amount to over \$7,000,000. This is unquestionably the largest gift ever made to an educational institution, with the sole exception of the late Senator Leland Stanford's endowment of \$20,000,000 to the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Johns Hopkins's \$7,000,000 to the university that bears his name was a bequest, not a gift during his lifetime.

A number of the friends of Mrs. Agassiz have founded a scholarship of \$6,000 at Radcliffe College, to be known as the Elizabeth Carey Agassiz Scholarship.

Under the directorship of Mrs. Mary J. Serrano, the Alumnae Shakespeare and Literature Class of the Normal College is giving a course of lectures on Spain and Spanish Literature. The lectures are given on Monday of each week. Mrs. Serrano, by the way, was the Spanish Government's Judge of Awards in the Spanish Literary and Educational Departments of the Columbian Exposition.

A series of lectures upon the History of Architecture now being delivered before the Johns Hopkins University includes "Classical Architecture," by Mr. Henry Van Brunt of Kansas City; "Gothic Architecture," by Prof. William R. Ware of Columbia College; and "The Renaissance," by Mr. C. Howard Walker of Boston. The John Marshall Prize, a likeness in bronze of the former Chief Justice of the United States, awarded annually for an important contribution to historical and political sciences published by a graduate student of this University, has recently been awarded, for 1894, to Prof. Amos Griswold Warner, Ph. D., of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University for his book on "American Charities: a Study in Philanthropy and Economics;" and for 1895 to Mr. Albert Shaw, Ph. D., editor of the American edition of *The Review of Reviews*, for his book on "Municipal Government in Great Britain."

The recent fire at the historic University of Virginia offers a splendid opportunity to our publishers. They might prove their sympathy with an institution that through its past associations is national, not local, by enriching its library.

The statement prepared by Profs. Albion W. Small and Nathaniel Butler of the University of Chicago, *in re* the discharge of Mr. Bemis as University Extension Associate Professor, has been made public. It was originally written for the Trustees of the University only, but proofs of it were stolen and consequently secrecy became impossible. As will be remembered, Mr. Bemis claimed that he was discharged because his socialistic views were displeas-

ing to at least one of the University's rich benefactors. This the statement denies *in toto*, giving the following as the true reasons: 1. Mr. Bemis delivered fifteen courses of Extension Lectures during the first year of his connection with the institution, seven during the second, six during the third, and to constantly diminishing audiences. Finally it became impossible to make arrangements with Extension Centres for Mr. Bemis to lecture at all. 2. Mr. Bemis was not strong enough to fill a position as instructor inside the University. Concluding, the report says:—"To summarize, Mr. Bemis has compelled us to advertise both his incompetency as a University Extension lecturer, and also the opinion of those most closely associated with him, that he is not qualified to fill a University position. * * * The 'freedom of teaching' has never been involved in the case." In a note, President Harper denies having said:—"It is all very well to sympathize with the workmen, but we get our money from those on the other side, and we cannot afford to offend them."

The fifth annual dinner and reception of the Emma Willard Association of the Troy Female Seminary took place in this city on Oct. 30. Mrs. Russell Sage presided at both the dinner and the regular business meeting that followed.

After nearly six years without a president, Colgate University opens this year with a young man in that position. President George W. Smith was born at Waterville, Me., where his father was for years Professor of English Literature, and at one time Acting President. On completing his college course at Colby, he taught for two years, and then pursued a course in law at the Albany Law School. After practising the profession for two years in the West, he entered Johns Hopkins University as a graduate student in history and politics, and remained there a little more than two years. Coming to Colgate in 1892 as Professor of History, he began the career that has led to his appointment as President. November 14 has been set aside as the day for the ceremonies attending his inauguration. Mr. James B. Colgate of New York, the benefactor of the University, is to deliver the induction address, and, after a response by President Smith, the principal address of the morning will be delivered by President Gilman of Johns Hopkins. In the afternoon, invited guests of the University will join in a banquet in the new gymnasium, and friends and alumni will meet the new President at a reception in the gymnasium in the evening. Among other prominent educators who have signified their intention of being present are President Hill of Rochester, Chancellor Day of Syracuse, President Raymond of Union, President Low of Columbia and President Strong of Rochester Theological Seminary.

Mr. A. A. Healy was installed as President of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences on Nov. 1. A committee was appointed at the meeting to act on the director's suggestion for the establishment of a school of political science.

The basement of the new Library of Minneapolis is arranged for the use of children under twelve. The racks are open, and the children are free to make their own selections and report them to the assistant in charge of the room. The Milwaukee Library has close connections with the public schools. These arrangements are in large part due to the activity of the Children's Library Association of this city. It is to be hoped that it may be equally successful with our own libraries, which have hitherto made no special provisions for children.

The Cambridge University Press is issuing a series of volumes dealing with geographical and cognate subjects, to be commenced by Prof. A. H. Keane's work on "Ethnology," which is in the press. Other volumes will be upon the "Geographical Distribution of Mammals," by Mr. Lydekker; "History of Ancient Geography," by H. F. Tozer; "Renaissance Period of Geographical Discovery," by E. G. Ravenstein, and "Oceanography," by J. Y. Buchanan. The series is under the general editorship of Dr. F. H. H. Guillemard. The announcements of the Cambridge University Press in mathematics and science include "The Scientific Papers of John Couch Adams," edited by Prof. William Grylls Adams, with a memoir by J. W. L. Glaisher; "The Collected Mathematical Papers of the late Arthur Cayley"; "A Treatise on Spherical Astronomy," by Sir Robert S. Ball; "A Treatise on Geometrical Optics," by R. S. Heath, second edition, revised and enlarged; "A Treatise on Able's Theorem," by H. F. Baker; "A Treatise on the Lunar Theory," by Prof. E. W. Brown; "An Elementary Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism," by Prof. J. J. Thomson; "A Treatise on Geometrical Optics," by R. A. Herman; and "Euclid," Books XI. and XII., by H. M. Taylor.

The Board of Managers of St. Luke's Hospital has decided to erect on its new site a building to be devoted exclusively to pathological researches. An endowment of \$200,000 is solicited.

The need of more kindergartens in this city is strongly emphasized by the fact that since their opening, this season, early in September, admittance has been refused to 19,467 children, for lack of room. Those wishing to aid a really good work, should send contributions to the New York Kindergarten Association, 287 Fourth Avenue.

Among this year's gifts to Harvard is \$1,000 from Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer for a scholarship in memory of her son, George Griswold van Rensselaer, who was preparing to enter the college at the time of his death, some two years since.

Notes

THE NEW WORK on Charlotte Brontë, upon which Mr. Clement Shorter and Dr. Robertson Nicoll have been at work for some time past, will be published in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. It will contain a great many hitherto unpublished letters of Charlotte's, and a great variety of new material secured from her husband, who is still living in Ireland. Mr. Shorter has written an article on Mrs. Gaskell's relations to Charlotte Brontë for *The Woman at Home*. He has in his possession all Mrs. Gaskell's correspondence covering the period before she wrote her famous life of Charlotte Brontë.

—The Centenary Edition of Burns announced by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack of Edinburgh, mention of which was made in *The Critic* some time ago, will be published in the course of 1896, in four volumes. There will be two editions: 600 copies for England and 150 for this country, on Arnold's unbleached hand-made paper, with facsimiles of MSS. and photogravure reproductions of all the authentic portraits of Burns now known. Of this edition, twenty-four copies will be printed on Japanese vellum, and signed by the editors. The Illustrated Edition will contain an etched portrait and about twenty-four original etchings by W. Hole, R. S. A. The editors, Messrs. W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson, have had access to some notable collections of Burns MSS. and chapbooks not open to earlier collectors, and have discovered some new poems and many new readings. They appeal to all owners of such collections to communicate with them.

—Among the illustrated books announced by the different publishers are Hall Caine's "Manxman" (D. Appleton & Co.), which will contain over forty photographs, and is to be issued in an edition of 250 copies only; J. M. Barrie's "Auld Licht Idyls" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), with eighteen etchings by William Hole, limited to 100 copies for this country; and an illustrated edition of Miss Wormeley's translations of Balzac (Roberts Bros.), sold only by subscription.

—The Messrs. Scribner will publish immediately "The Private Life of Napoleon," being the memoirs of Constant, his *valet de chambre*, translated from the French for the first time, with an introduction by M. Imbert de Saint-Amand. This house announces three books by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch. One, entitled "Wandering Heath," is a volume of short stories; while the others are a volume of essays entitled "Adventures in Criticism," and a novel called "Ia."

—Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons announce "The Red Republic: A Story of the Times of the Commune," by Robert W. Chambers; and "St. Paul, the Traveller and the Roman Citizen," by Prof. W. M. Ramsay.

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish on the 20th of this month the long-expected volume of letters by Matthew Arnold. The book is in no sense a biography. Miss Grace King's volume on "New Orleans, The Place and the People," already announced, will be issued with some 200 illustrations. The same firm has in press Prof. Brander Matthews's book on "Book-Binding," a novel by Annie Holdsworth, author of "Johanna Trail, Spinster," called "The Years that the Locusts Have Eaten," and Mr. Douglas Sladen's novel of the life of the English in Japan, "A Japanese Marriage." This book, which is an argument in favor of a man's marrying his deceased wife's sister, has had quite a success in England, where this sort of marriage is prohibited by law.

—The Rev. Amory H. Bradford has written a work on Heredity and Environment and their Relation to Christian Problems. It will be published by the Messrs. Macmillan, who have ready, also, a "Life of Lord Dundonald," by J. W. Fortescue, in the Men of Action Series, and a second edition of President Hyde's "Social Theology."

—Messrs. Macmillan will publish Mme. Belloc's "In a Walled Garden," which will contain her reminiscences of her life in Rome with Mrs. Jameson, of Paris in 1870, and of many famous people, among them George Eliot, Cardinal Manning, Mrs. Booth, Mary Hewitt, Basil Montague and the Procters. An important contribution to the literature of child-study is promised in Dr. A. F. Chamberlain's "The Child in Primitive Culture and Folk-thought," published by the same house.

—An entirely new edition of the works of Lord Byron is announced by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. It will be edited by Mr. W. E. Henley and will include, beside the complete poetical works, Byron's public and private letters, which are among the best of English letters. The edition, which will be in ten volumes, is intended to take the place of the seventeen-volume edition of 1833, long since out of print. The same house announces a translation, by William Archer, of Dr. Georg Brandes's study of "William Shakespeare." Keeping fully abreast of the latest English and German researches and criticism, Dr. Brandes places the poet in his political and literary environment, and studies each play, not as an isolated phenomenon, but as the record of a stage in Shakespeare's spiritual history.

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—"The Father of the Forest, and Other Poems," will be the name of Mr. William Watson's new volume of verse.

—Mr. Thomas Hardy says in the preface to "Jude the Obscure," that in it he has endeavored "to give shape and coherence to a series of seemings, or personal impressions, the question of their consistency, or their discordance, or their permanence, or their transitoriness not being regarded as of the first moment." He adds:—"For a novel addressed by a man to men and women of full age, and one which attempts to deal unaffectionately with the fret and fever, derision and disaster that may rage in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity, as well as to point without a mincing of words the tragedy of unfulfilled aims, I am not aware that there is anything in the handling to which exception can be taken." Mr. Hardy was engaged upon this book from 1887 until the end of 1894. The Messrs. Harper are issuing the book.

—Mr. M. H. Spielmann's history of *Punch*, on which he has been working during the last four years, will be published by the Cassell Pub. Co., with about 120 illustrations, portraits and facsimiles. The same firm announces "Girls, New and Old," Mrs. L. T. Meade's new story for the young.

—Mr. Leonard Huxley is preparing a life of his father, the late Prof. Huxley; and a biography of the late P. G. Hamerton is being prepared by his widow.

—"Mr. J. M. Barrie," says *The New Budget*, "is a little anxious about 'Sentimental Tommy.' Readers of next year's *Scribner's* will be the first to see it; and the author, who has given it more pains than he has given to any earlier work, will not be quite happy till their verdict is pronounced."

—Mr. Walter H. Page, formerly the editor of *The Forum*, has made an editorial engagement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—The Century Co. celebrated on Nov. 1 the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first appearance of its magazine by giving its employees a half-holiday, and by exhibiting at its offices all the posters it had ever issued, so far as they were recoverable. The collection included excellent examples of Eugène Grasset, Louis J. Rhead, George Wharton Edwards, Howard Pyle, Charles Dana Gibson, Joseph Pennell, Palmer Cox and other well-known artists.

—*Harper's Round Table* celebrated its sixteenth anniversary with its issue of Nov. 5. Among its announcements for the coming year is a series of papers on professions for boys.

—*Book News* has donned a new and artistic cover, printed in red and black.

—Bangs & Co. will sell on Nov. 11-14, 1,290 volumes of Americana from the library of a well-known collector; on Nov. 15 a catalogue of 348 volumes of standard and scarce books, embracing history, travels, the drama, etc.; and on Nov. 18-21 the library of David Adey, containing 898 volumes of rare and standard books.

—At the sale, last week, in Philadelphia, of the library of scarce Americana of Mr. Polock, an old bookseller and bibliophile of that city, an interesting collection of imprints of Benjamin Franklin was sold. There were in all fifty-odd books in the collection, covering a wide period of Franklin's career as a printer. Some bore the imprint of B. Franklin and D. Hall; others of B. Franklin alone, and still others—and these are most rare—the name of Benjamin Franklin in full. Among the prices paid were \$50 for Cicero's "Cato Major" and "Discourses on Old Age"; \$120 for "The Constitution of Freemasonry, containing the History, Charges, Regulations," etc., printed in 1734, which has the additional interest of being the first book on Freemasonry published in America; \$26 for "Plain Truths and Serious Considerations on the Present State of the City Philadelphia," etc., written as well as printed by Franklin; \$23 for "Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania," three pages, 1749; \$18 for a sermon by Gilbert Tennent, with the imprint Benjamin; \$29 for the "Recollections of Courtship and Marriage," the authorship of which is ascribed to Franklin himself; \$115 for "A Dialogue between Two Countrymen who met at Brunswick," 1742; \$95 for "Extracts from the Minutes and Votes of the House of Assembly of the Colony of New Jersey, met in General Assembly at Burlington, Saturday, October 6th, 1742"; and \$29 for a copy of "Poor Richard's Almanac" for 1757.

—Ex-President Harrison is writing a series of articles for *The Ladies' Home Journal* on "This Country of Ours." The papers are designed for women, and deal with the workings of our Government, and various national questions. The first will appear in the December number of the magazine.

—With its November number a special edition of *Munsey's Magazine* appears in a cloth cover designed by Mr. George R. Halm. This, we believe, is something new in magazine covers.

—Herbert Spencer has added a few weighty words to the Canadian copyright question, in the London *Times* of Oct. 22. He draws attention to the fact that the multiplication of centres of production, the necessity of setting, printing and binding the same book anew in different places to comply with obstructive laws, destroys the margin of profit, and will cause many books to remain unpublished that otherwise would be added to the sum of human knowledge.

—"The Two Pages" is the title of Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's new historical tale.

—The rather complicated case of the Bibliographisches Institut Meyer of Leipzig vs. Estes & Lauriat and S. E. Cassino & Co. of Boston has been decided by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. The plates of the "Standard Natural History" were at issue. They were sold by the German publishers to the two Boston firms, to be used by both; but Messrs. Estes & Lauriat sold their interest to Messrs. S. E. Cassino & Co. The latter firm dissolved and then went out of business, the plates being sold to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The court holds that these different sales do not constitute a breach of contract, but that, as the contract is joint, all concerned in them are liable for the final sale to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It decided, also, that damages are to be assessed.

—Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has returned to this city after a four months' visit to Europe.

—The first shipment of "Tribly" to Australia was much delayed, and as a consequence the book was impatiently expected. The 2000 copies were received on a Saturday morning and put on sale without delay. It is said that in consequence the attendance at church on the following Sunday was much smaller than usual. "Tribly; An Operatic Burlesque" comes from Buffalo, where it seems to have been performed in the Star Theatre last April. It took four men to write the words, but only one to write the music.

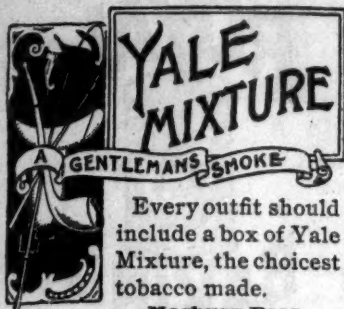
—A special feature of the Woman's Festival to be held at the Metropolitan Opera House on Nov. 12 will be a picture-play, prepared for the occasion by Mr. Alexander Black, author of the now famous "Miss Jerry," just published by the Scribners. There will be no accompanying text, but the series of dissolving views will be called "Then and Now," and will illustrate all the great changes in woman's position. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Kate Bond, 230 West Fifty-ninth Street.

—According to the *London Literary World*, "One of the many interesting points in the biography of Lord Tennyson will be the Laureate's relations with the Queen. These will be best indicated by some letters which he addressed to Her Majesty, and which, despite their very flattering terms, the Queen has not felt she ought to withhold from publication."

—The one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Keats was commemorated in America by many an article in magazines, weeklies and daily newspapers; his admirers toasted his "immortal memory," at private tables; and in at least one editorial room, his mask was set up, with roses and autumn leaves before it.

Publications Received

- Acton, Lord. A Lecture on the Study of History. Macmillan & Co.
Allen, W. B. The Mammoth Hunters. \$1.50. Lathrop Pub. Co.
Ashe, R. P. Chronicles of Uganda. \$2.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Austin, Alfred. In Veronica's Garden. \$2. Macmillan & Co.
Bagehot, Walter. Economic Studies. \$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.
Bagehot, Walter. Biographical Studies. Ed. by R. H. Hutton. \$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.
Bagehot, Walter. Literary Studies. Ed. by R. H. Hutton. Vol. I, II, III. \$1.25 each. Longmans, Green & Co.
Bell, M. Spring's Immortality. Ward, Lock & Bowden.
Bell, Maria. The Country Minister's Love Story. \$1.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Besant, Walter. Westminster. \$2.50. Frederick A. Stokes & Co.
Benedict, A. K. The Fisherman's Daughter. Phila.: Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.
Bonney, T. G. Charles Lyell and Modern Geology. Ed. by Henry E. Roacoe. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Bourget, Paul. The Land of Promise. F. Tennyson Neely.
Browning Studies. Ed. by E. Berdon. \$2.25. Macmillan & Co.
Church, Alfred J. Stories from Virgil. 50c. Macmillan & Co.
Church, Alfred J. Roman Life in the Days of Cicero. 50c. Macmillan & Co.
Crockett, S. R. The Stickit Minister. 50c. Macmillan & Co.
Crawford, F. Marion. Casa Braccio. 2 vols. \$2. Macmillan & Co.
Davis, Noah K. Juda's Jewels. \$1.50. Nashville, Tenn.: Pub. House of M. E. Church.
Defoe, Daniel. The Fortunate Mistress. Ed. by G. A. Aitken. 2 vols. \$1. Macmillan & Co.
Edgeworth, Maria. Popular Tales. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Ellis, Edward S. The Young Conductor. \$1.25. Merriam Co.
Farrar, Milman, Stanley and Others. Westminster Abbey and the Cathedrals of England. \$3.50. Phila.: John C. Winston & Co.
Fitzgerald, O. P. California Sketches. \$1. Nashville, Tenn.: Pub. House M. E. Church.
Field, E. and R. M. Echoes from the Sabine Farm. \$2. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Gannett, W. C. The House Beautiful. 50c. Boston: James H. West.
Galloway, C. B. A Circuit of the Globe. \$1. Nashville, Tenn.: Pub. House M. E. Church.
Godkin, E. L. Reflections and Comments. \$2. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Gray, Emma J. A Golden Week. 50c. Hunt & Eaton.
Griffin, Walter T. Grandmont. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Green, W. H. Unity of the Book of Genesis. \$3. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Holden, Warren. Ode to Human Brotherhood. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Hubbard, Elbert. Little Journeys. \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Irving, Washington. Tales of a Traveller. 2 vols. \$6. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Jav, W. M. L. Farrar Year Book. \$1.25. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Jewish Quarterly Review. Edited by Abrahams & Montefiore. \$1. Macmillan & Co.
LaFarge, John. Considerations on Painting. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Lang, Andrew. A Monk of Fife. \$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.
Lindley, J. S. Baccalaureate Sermon 1895: Christian Citizenship. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. \$2.25. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Moore's Complete Poetical Works. 2 vols. \$3. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Moffatt's Pupil Teachers' Course. Ed. by Thomas Palge. London: Moffatt & Palge.
Morley, M. W. Life and Love. \$1.25. A. C. McClurg & Co.
Nettelshup, Henry. Lectures and Essays. Second Series. Ed. by F. Haverfield. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.
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Royal Natural History. Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10. Edited by Richard Lydekker. Frederick Warne & Co.
Roosevelt, T. New York. \$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.
Sand, George. The Devil's Pool. Francois The Wolf. Fadette. The Master Mosaic Workers. Tr. by J. M. & E. Sedgwick. Little, Brown & Co.
Scudder, Vida D. The Witness of Denial. \$1. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Schuppe, W. Grundriss der Erkenntnistheorie und Logik. Berlin: R. Gaertner's Verlagsbuchhandlung.
Shelley, Frank. Legends of Gema. R. H. Russell & Son.
Smith, R. M. Studies in the Greek New Testament. 50c. Nashville, Tenn.: Pub. House M. E. Church.
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Steele, Mary D. A Happy Life. Dayton, O.: United Brethren Pub. House.
Stryker, M. W. Letter of James the Just. Ginn & Co.
Stoddard, William O. The Partners. \$1.50. Lathrop Pub. Co.
Tarr, Ralph. Elementary Physical Geography. \$1.40. Macmillan & Co.
Watson, E. W. To-day and Yesterday. Phila.: Henry T. Coster & Co.
Walsh, H. C. Last Cruise of the Miranda. \$1.50. Transatlantic Pub. Co.
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